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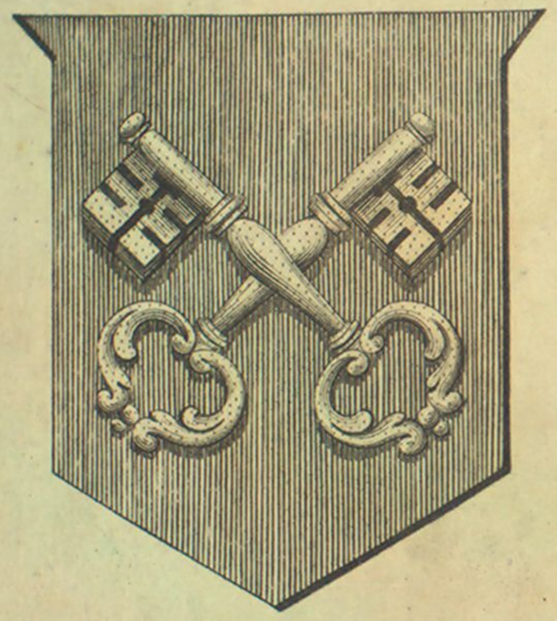

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THE MORALL FABILLIS OF ESOPE THE Phrygiã, Compylit in Eloquẽt, & Ornate Scottis Meter, be M. Robert Henrisõe, scolmaister of Dũfermlig. Newlie correctit, and Vendicat, fra mony Errouris, quhilkis war ouersene in the last prenting, quhair baith Lynes, and haill Versis war left owt.

VIII 21

EDINBVRGH.

Inprinted att Edinburgh be ane Thomas Bassandyne, dwelland at the nether Bow Anno. 1571.

The Taillis contenit in this presentBuke.

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The

The Prolog.

THocht feinzeit fabils of ald poetre,
Be not al grundet vpon truth zit thay,
Thair polite termes of sweit Rhetore
Richt plesand ar Vnto the ein of may,
And ald the cans yat thay first began,
Wes to reprief the haill misleving,
Off may be figure of ane vther thing.

Ay lyke maner as throw the bustious wird,
(Swa it be laubourit with gud diligence)
Springis the flouris, and the corne abreird,
Hailsum and gude to mannis sustenence,
Sa dois spring ane Morall sweit sentence,
Oute of the subtell dyte of poetry:
To gude purpois quha culd it weill apply.

The mullis scheill thocht it be hard, and teuch,
alsie the kirnell, and is delectabill.
Sa lyis thair ane doctrine wyse anench,
And full of frute, vnder ane fenzeit fabill.
And Clerkis sayis, it is richt profitabill,
Amangis ernist to ming ane merie sport,
To light the spreit, and gar the tyme be schort.

Forther mair, ane Bow that is ay bent,
Worthis vnsmart, and sullie vp the string,

Sa doie the mynd that is ay diligent,
Intentiff full thochtis, and in studying,
Witt sad materis sum merines to ming.
Accordis weill tyme Esope said I wis,

Dulcius arridentseria picta locis.

Of this Authour my Maistreis with zour leif,
Submitting me in zour correctioun:
In Mother toung of Latyng I wald pretif,
To mak ane manty of Translatioun.
Nocht of my self, for vane presumptioun,
Bot be requisit, and precept of ane Lord,
Of quhome the Name it neidis not record.

In hamelie language and in termis rude,
Me neidis wryte: for quhy of Eloquence.
Nor Rethorike, I neuir Understude.
Thairfoir meiklie I pray zour reuerence,
Gif that ze find it throw my negligence,
Be deminute, or zit superfluous,
Correct it at zour willis gratious.

My Autor in his Fabillis tellis how,
That brutal beistis spak, and Understude,
In to gude purpois disputt, and argow.
Ane Sillogisme propone, and eik conclude.
put in exempill, and in similitude,

How

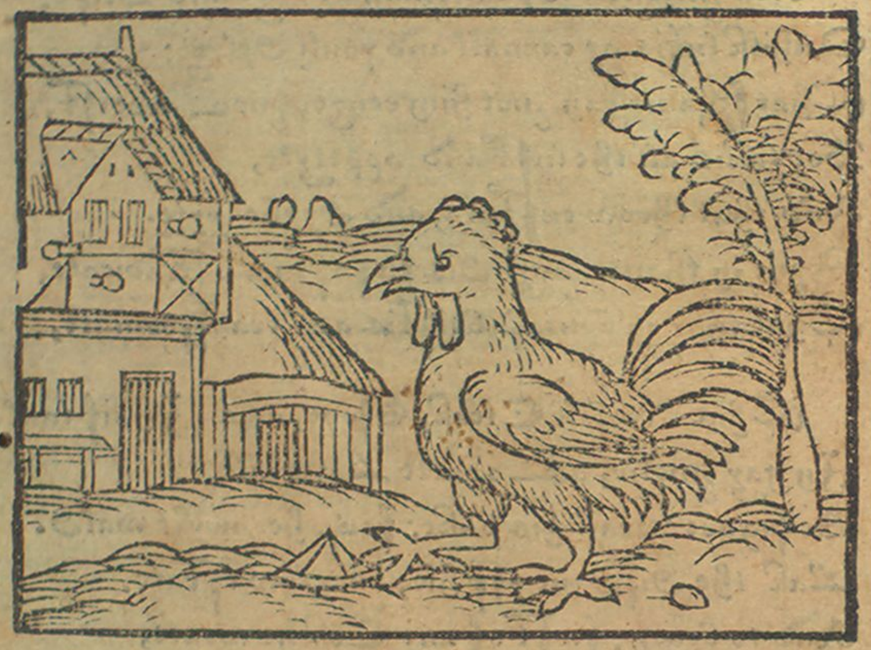
How mony men in operatioun,
Ar like to beistis in conditioun.

Na meruell is, ane may be lyke ane Beist,
Quhilk lusis ay carnall and foull delyte:
That schame can not him renze, nor arreist,
Bot takis all the lust and appetyte,
And that throw custum, and daylie vyte.
Syne in thair mynd is sa fast is Radicate,
That thay in brutal beistis ar transformate.

Heir Nobill Clerk, Esope, ar I haif tauld,
In gay metir, as poete Lawriate,
Be figure wrait his buke: for he mocht wald.
Tak the disdane off hie, nor low estate.
And to begin, first of ane Cok he wrate,
Seikand his meit, quhilk fand ane Jolie stone,
Of quhome the Fabill ze sall heir anone.

FINIS.

The Taill of the Cok, and the Iasp.



Ane cok sũtyme wit Ee fedderã fresch & gay
Richt cãt & crous albeit he was bot pure
Flew furth vpõ ane dunghill soe be day
To get his dennar sett was al his cure.
Scraipand amang tEe as he aventure,
He fand ane Jolie Jasp, richt precious,
Wes cassin furt E in sweping of the Touss.

As Damiselles wantoun, and Insolent,
Quat fane wald play, and vp tEe streit be send,
To sweping of tEe Touss thay take na tent.

Thay

Thay cair na thing, swa that the fluvr be clene
Jowellis ar tint, as oftymis hes bene sene,
Vpon the fluvr, and swopit furth anone.
Peradventure, sa wes the samin stone.

Sa mervelland vpon the stane (quod he)
O gentill Jasp: O richt and Nobill thing:
Thocht I the find, thow ganis not for me.
Thow art ane Jowell for ane Lord or King.
Pitie it wer, thow suld ly in this mydding,
Be buryit thus amang this muke or mold,
And thow so fair, and worth sa muchill gold,

It is pitie I suld the find, for quhy,
Thy gret vertew, nor zit thy cullour cleir,
It may me nouther extoll, nor magnifie:
And thow to me may mak bot lyttill their,
To gret Lordis thocht thow be leif, and deir,
I lufe for better thing of les availl,
A draf, or corne, to fill my tume Intraill.

I had lever ga scrapit heir with my naillis,
Amangis this mow, and luke my lifys fude,
A draf, or corne, small wormis, or snaillis.
Or ony meit wald do my stomok gude:
Thay of Jaspis ane mekill multitude.
And thow agane, vpon the samin wyis,
For les availl may me as now disprys.

Thow hes na corne: and thairof haist nane.
Thy cullour dois bot confort to the sight.
And that is not anuch my Wame to feid.
For wyfis sayis, lusk and wtekis ar licht.
I wald haue sum meit, gif it geue the might.
For houngrie men may not leue on lukis:
Had thay beif, I compt not for na cukis.

Quhar sald thow mak thy habitatioun?
Quhar sald thow duell, bot in ane Royall Toun?
Quhar sald thow sit, bot on ane Kingis Croun,
Exaltit in Worschip and in greit honour?
Quhat gentill Iasp, of all stanis the flour,
Out of this midding, and pas quhar thow sald be.
Thow ganis not for me, nor I for the.

Leuand this tuell law upon the ground,
To seik hir meit this Cok his wayis went.
Bot quhey, or Cow, or quhome he it wes fund.
Ne now I set to hald na Argument.
Bot of the Inward sentence, and intent:
Of this (as myne Author dois write)
I sall rehtirs in rude and hamelie dite.

This tulie Iasp had propertreis seuin:
The first, of cullour it was mervelous:
part lyke the fyre, and part lyke to the heuin.
It makis and may stark and victorious.

preserue als fra cais perrillous.
Quha he this stane, sall haue gude hap to speid,
Or fyre, nor Water him may deid not to dreid.

Moralitas.

THis gentill Iasp, richt different of hew,
Betakinnis perfite prudence and cunning.
Ornate with mony deidis of vertew,
Mair excellent, than ony eirthly thing.
Quhilk makis men in honour for to Ring,
Happie, and stark to wyn the victorie,
Of all vicis, and Spirituall enemie.

Quha may be hardie, riche, and gratious?
Quha can eschew perrell and auenture?
Quha can Gouerne ane Realme Cietie or hous,
With out science, no man I zow assure?
It is riches that euer sall Indure,
Quhilk Maith, nor moist, nor vther rust can screit,
To mannis saull it is eternall meit.

This Cok desyrand mair the sempill corne,
Than ony Iasp, may till ane fule be peir.
quhilk at science makis bot ane moik and scorne,
And na gude can: als lytill will he leir.
His hart wammillis wyse argument to heir.
As dois ane Sow, to quhome men for the nanis,
In hir draf troich wald saw precious stanis.

Quha is enemie to science and cunning,
Bot Ignorants, that vnderstandis nocht?

Quhilk is sa Nobill, sa precious, and sa ding,
That it may not with eirdlie thing be bocht.
Weill wer that man ouer all vther that mocht,
All his lyfe dayis in perfite studie wair,
To get science: for him neidis na mair.

BOt now (allace) this Iasp, is tynt and hid:
We seik it nocht, nor preis it for to find.
Haif we richis, na better lyfe we bid,
Of science thocht the Saull be bair and blind.
Of this mater to speik, it wer bot wind.
Thairfore I ceis, and will na forther say.
Ga seik the Iasp, quha will, for thair it lay.

FINIS.

The Taill of the Vponlandis Mous, and the Burges Mous.

ESope quhyne Authour makis mentioun,
Of twa cwmis and thay wer Sisteris deir,
Of quham the eldest dwelt in ane Borrous toun:
The vther wynnit vponland weill meir:
Soliter, quhyle vnder buss, quhyle vnder breir:
Quhilis in the cornc, and vther mennis skaith,
Ay ourtlawis deis and leuis vp thair waith.

This rurall mous in to the wynter tyde,
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit grit distres,
The vther Mous that in the Burgh cay byde,
Was Sibb brother and maid ane fre Burges.

Fra

Off fog & fayne ffull febilie wes maid,
And sillie scheill vnder ane steidfast stane,
Off quhilk the entres wes not hie nor braid.
And in the samin tyme went but mair abaid,
Without fyre or candill birnand bricht,
For comonly sic pykrie luffis not lycht.

Quhen thay wer lugit thus thir sely Mvse,
The zoungest sister into hir butterie glyde,
And brocht furth nuttis, & candill in steid off spyce,
Sitt this wes gude ffair & do it on tyme besyde.
The Burges Mous prompit furth in pryde,
And said sister is this zour dayly fude?
Quhy not (quod scho) is not this mtit wycht gude?

Na be my saull I tynk it bot ane scorne.
Madame (quod scho) ze be the mair to blame,
My mother sayd sister quhen we wer borne,
That I and ze lay baith within ane wame,
I keip the rate and custome off my dame,
And off my leuing into pouertie,
For landis fane we nane in propertie.

My fair sister (quod scho) haue me excusit.
This vnde dyat and I can not accord.
So tender meit my stomok is ay vnsit,
For quhylis I fair allweill as vny Lord.
Thir wyld nit peis, and nuttis, or thay be bord,

Will

Wil brek my teith, and mak my wame ffull sklender
Quhilk wes before vnsit to meitis tender.

Weil, weil, sister (quod the vnrall Mous),
Gene it pleis zow sic thing as ze se heir,
Baith meit and drynk, harberie and houss,
Salbe zour awin, will ze remane al zeir.
Ze sall it haue wyth blyith and merry cheir,
And that suld mak the maistis that ar vnde,
Amang freindis wycht tender and wonder gude.

Quhat plesure is in the ffeistis delicate,
The quhilkis ar geuin with ane glowmand brow?
And gentill hart is better recreate,
With blyith curage thay seith to him ane Kow.
And modicum is mair ffor till allow,
Swa that gude will be keruer at the daise,
Thay thrawin vult and mony stryfe mais.

For all hir mery exhortationy,
This Burges Mous had litill will to sing.
Bot heilie scho kest hir browis doun,
For all the dayntis that scho culd hir bring.
Sit at the last scho said Ialff in hething,
Sister this victuall and zour royall feist,
May weill sufficc vnto ane rurall beist.

Lat be this Yole and cum into my place,
I sall to zow schaw be experience,

Amg

My gude friðay is better nor zour pace,
My diſche likingis is worth zour haill expence,
I haue houſis anew eſſ greit defence,
Off Cat, nor ſall trap, I haue na ortis.
I grant (quod ſche, and ey togis ser thay ztis

In ſtubbill arrag threw gyrs and corne:
And vnder buſkis prenelie couth thay creip,
The eldeſt wes the gyde and went beforne,
The zounger to hir wayis tuke gude keip.
Oy nicht thay ray, and ey the day can ſteip,
Quhill in the morning ewr the Lantrok ſang,
Thay fand the towy, and in blythlie couth gang.

Not fer fra thyne vnto ane worthie Wane,
Thir Burgeis brocht thame ſone quhare thay ſuld be.
Without God ſpeid thair herberie wes tane,
In to ane ſpence with victuall grit plentie,
Baith Cheis, and Butter vpon thair ſchelfis hie,
And fleſche and fiſche anewch baith freſche and ſalt,
And ſekkis full eſſ meill and eik off malt.

Eftir quhen thay diſpoſit wer to dyne,
Wichowtin grace thay waſche and went to meit.
With all reuerſie that Cukis culd deuyne,
Muttons and beif, ſtriking in tailzeis greit.
And Ladie fair thus couth thay counterfeit,
Except ane thing thay drank the walter cleir,
In ſteid off Wyne bot zit thay maid gude cheir.

With blyith vpcaſt and merie countenance,
The eldeſt Siſter ſperit at hir geſt
Siſſ that ſche be reſſone fand diffirence,
Betuix that chalmer and hir ſaire meſt,
Se ſame (quod ſche) how lang will this leſt
For euermair I wait and langer to.
Siſſ it be ſwa ze ar at eis (quod ſche).

Till eik thair cheir ane ſubcharge furth ſche brocht,
And plait off grottis, and ane diſch full off meill,
Thrae caikkis ald I trow ſche ſpairit nocht,
Aboundantlie about hir for to Steill.
And manfullie fyre ſche brocht in ſteid off geill,
And ane quhyte candill owt off ane coffer ſtall,
In ſteid off ſpyce to guſt thair mouth withall.

Thir maid thay merie quhill thay micht na mair
And haill zule haill cryit vpon hie,
Sit eſter ioy oftymes cummis eair,
And trouibill eſter grit proſperitie,
Thus as thay ſat in all thair iolitie,
The ſpenſer come with keyis in hie hand,
Oppinnit the dure and tham at denner fand.

Thay tarryit not to weſche as I ſuppoſe,
Bot ey to ga quha that micht ſtormeſt win.
The Burgeis had ane hole, and in ſche goie,
Hir ſiſter had na role to ryde hir in,
Fo ſe that ſelie Mous it wes grit ſin.

So desolate and will off ane gudeweid,
For verray deid scho fell in swouy neir deid.

Bot as God wald it fell ane happie cace,
The Spenser had na laser for to byde,
Nowther to seik, nor serche, to sker nor chace,
Bot oy he went, and left the dure vp wyde.
The bald Burgeis hie passing weill hes spyde,
Out off hir hole scho come, and cryit oy hie.
How fair ze sister cry peip quhair euer ze be.

Thir wrall Mous, lay flatling on the ground,
And for the deith scho wes full sair dredand.
For till hir hart straik mony wofull stound,
And in ane feuer scho trimbillit fute and hand.
And quhen hir sister in sic ply hir fand,
For verray pitie scho begouth to greit,
Syne confort hir with wordis hunny sweit.

Quhy ly ze thus wyse vp my sister deir?
Cum to your meit, this trevell is ouerpast.
The vther answerit hir with heuie cheir,
I may not eit sa fair I am agast.
I had leuer thir fourty dayis fast,
With watter caill, and to gnaw benis or peis,
Nor ay all zour feist in this ordis and diseis.

With fair treitie zit scho gart hir vpryse,
And to the burde thay went and togidder sat,

And

And scantlie had thay drunkin anis or twyse,
Quhen in come Gib hunter our Jolie Cat,
And bad God speid, the Burgeis vp with that,
And till hir hole scho went as fyre off flint,
Bawdronis the vther be the bak hes tint.

Fra fute to fute he kest hir to and fra,
Quhylis vp, quhylis doun, als cant as eny kid,
Quhylis wald he lat hir rin vnder the stra,
Quhylis wald he wink, and play with hir buk heid.
Thus to the selie Mous grit pane he did.
Quhill at the last throw fortune and gude hap,
Betwix ane burde and the wall scho crap.

And vp in haist behind ane parraling,
Scho clamb so hie that Gilbert micht not get hir,
Syne be the cluke thair craftelie can sing,
Till he wes gane hir cheir wes all the better.
Syne doun scho lap quhen thair wes nane to let hir.
And to the Burgeis Mous loud can scho cry,
Fairweill sister thy feist heir I defy.

Thy mangeris ie mingit all with cair,
Thy guse ie gude thy gansell sour as gall.
The subcharge off thy seruice is bot fair,
Ga sall thow find heir efterwart na fall,
I thank zone courtyne and zone perpall wall.
Off my defence now stra zone crewell beist.
Almichtie God keip me fra sic ane feist.

Wer I into the kith that I come fra,
For weill nor wo, sul I neuer cum agane.
With that scho tuke hir leif and furth cay ga,
Quhylis throw the corne, and quhylis throw the plane,
Quhey scho wes furth and fre scho wes full fane.
And meirilie markit vnto the mure.
I cay not tell how weill thairefter scho fure.

Bot I herd say scho passit to Sir Ety,
Ane warme ac woll suppose it wes not greit,
Full bemly stuffit, baith but and bey,
Off Beinis, and Nuttis, peis, Ky, and Quheit:
Quhey euer scho list scho had anewch to eit,
In quyet and eis withoutin ony dreid,
Bot to hir sisteris feist ma maiv scho zeid.

Moralitas.

FReindis ze may find and ze will tak heid,
In to this fabill ane gude moralitie.
As fitchis myngit ar with nobill seid,
Swa interminglit is aduersitie,
With eirdlie ioy, swa that na estate is frie.
Without trubill and sum vexatioun,
And namelie thay quhilk clymmis vp maist hie,
That ar not content with small possessioun.

Blissed be sempill lyfe withoutin dreid,
Blissed be sober feist in quietie.
Quha hes aneuch of na mair hes he neid,
Thocht it be littill into quantatie,

crit aboundance and blind prosperitie,
Oftymes makis ane euill conclusioun:
The sweitest lyfe thairfoir in this cuntrie,
Is sickernes with small possessioun,

O wantoun man that vsis for to feid,
Thy wambe and makis it a god to be,
Lieke to thy self I warne the weill but dreid,
The Cat, cummis and to the Mous, hes Ee.
Quhat vaillis than thy feist and royaltie,
With dreidfull hart, and tribulatioun.
Best thing in eird, thairfoir I say for me,
Is blythnes in hart, with small possessioun.

Thy awin fyre my freind, sa it be bot ane gleid,
It warmis weill, and is worth Gold to the.
And Solomon sayis gif that thow will reid,
Vnder the heuin thair can not better be,
Than ay be blyith and leif in honestie.
Quhairfoir I may conclude be this ressoun,
Of eirthly ioy it beiris maist degre.
Blythnes in hart with small possessioun.

FINIS.

The Taill of Schir Chantecleir and the Foxe.

THocht brutall beistis be Irrationall,
That is to say wantand discretioun.
Yit ilk ane in thair kynd naturall.
Hes mony diuers inclinatioun.

The Bair busteous, the Wolff, the wylde Lyoun:
The Fox fenzeit craftie and cawtelous:
The Dog to bark on nicht and keip the howis.

Sa diffrent thay ar in propertie,
Vnknawin to may, and sa infinite,
Iy kynd hauand sa ffell diuersitie.
My cunning is excludit ffor to dyte.
For thy ar now I purpose ffor to wryte.
And eik I ffand quhilk ffell thir ather zeir,
Betwix ane Fowe, and ane gentill Chanteclir,

Ane Vedow dwelt, in till ane Drop thay dayis,
Quhilk way hir ffude off spinning on hir Rok.
And na mair had sho ffor futh as the Fabill sayis,
Except off hennis sho had ane Lyttill flok,
And thame to keip sho had ane Jolie Cok:
Richt curageous, that to this Widow ay
Crewdit nicht and crew befoir the day.

Ane lyttill ffra this ffoirsaid Vedowis howis,
Ane thornie schaw thair was off grit defence.
Quhairin ane Fowe craftie, and cautelous,
Maid his repair, and daylie residence.
Quhilk to this Widow did grit violence,
Iy pyking off pultrie baith day and nicht,
And na way be reuengit on him sho micht.

This wylie Tod quhen that the Lark couth sing,
Full fair hungrie vnto the Toun him drest,

Quhair

Quhair Chantecleir in to the gray dawing,
Werie for nicht wes flowen ffra his nest.
Lowrence this saw, and in his mynd he kest,
The Jepardie, the wayis, and the wyle,
Be quhat menis he micht this Cok begyle.

Dissimuland in to countenance and cheir,
Of kindis fell, and simuland thus he said.
Gude morne my maistir gentill Chantecleir.
With that the Cok start bakwart in ane braid.
Schir be my Saull, ze neid not be effraid,
Nor zit ffor me to start now fle abak,
I come bot zeir seruice to zow to mak.

Wald I not serue to zow it wer bot blame,
Ane ? I haue done to zouir progenitouris.
Zour father full oft fillit lea my wame.
And send me meit ffra midding to the muris.
And at his end I did my beist curis,
To hald his heid, and gif him drinkis warme.
Syne at the last the Sweit swelt in my arme.

Knew ze my ffather (quod the Cok) and leuch,
Ita, my ffair Sone, I held vp his heid,
Quhen that he deit vndir ane birkin beuch.
Syne said the Dirigie quhen that he wes deid,
Betuix vs twa how suld thair be ane feid?
Quhame suld ze traist bot me zour Seruitour,
That to zour ffather did sa grit honour.

Quhen I behald zour ffeddevis ffair and gent,
zour beik, zour bocist, zour Ekill, and zour kame.
Ffie be my Gruill, and the blissit Sacrament,
My hart is warme me thinkis any at hame,
To mak zow blyith, I wald creip on my wame,
Ity ffroist and snaw, in wedder way and weit,
And lay my lyart loikkis vnder zour feit.

Thir fenzeit Foxe ffals and dissimulate,
Maid to thir Cok ane cauillatioun.
Ze ar me think gangit and degenerate,
Fra zour ffather off Sic conditioun,
Off craftie crawing Ee micht beir the Croun,
For Ee wald on Sic tais stand and craw.
Thir wer na lit, I stude besyde and saw.

With that the Cok vpon his taes Sic,
Kest vp Sic beik, and sang with all Sic micht.
(Quod Schir Lowrence) weill saidis sa mot I the,
Ze ar zour ffatheris Sone and air vpright.
Bot off Sic cunning zit ze want ane slicht.
For (quod the Cod) he wald and Laif na dout,
Baith wink, and craw, and turne Him thryis about.

The Cok infect with wind and fals vane gloir,
That mony puttis vnto confusioun.
Traisting to win ane geit worschip thairfoir,
Vnwarlie winkand warpland vp and doun,
And syne to Gant and crawe he maid him boun.

And

And suddandlie be Ee Lad crawin ane mote,
The Foxe wes war and Fint Fim be the throte.

Syne to the woid but tarie with Fim Fyit,
Off that cryme Laifand bot lytill dout.
With that pertok, Sprutok, and Coppok cryit.
The wedow Lard, and with ane cry come out.
Scand the cace schO sichit and gaif ane schout.
How murtherit Lay with ane hidduous beir,
Allace now lost is gentill Chantecleir.

As schO wer woid, with mony zell and cry,
Eruand Fir Lair vpon Fir buist cay beit,
Syne paill off Few Lalf in ane extasy,
Fell doun ffour eair in swoning, and in sweit.
With that the selie Fennie left thair meit.
And quhilt Sic wyfis wer hyand thus in swony,
Fell in that cace in disputatioun.

Allace (quod pertok) makand sair murning,
With teiris grit attour Fir cheikis fell.
Sone wes our deowreit, and our dayis darling,
Our nichtingall, and ale our Orlege bell.
Our walkryfe Watche vs for to warne and tell
Quhen that Aurora with hir curcheis gray,
put vp Fir Eeid betuix the micht and day.

Quha sall our Lemmay be? quha sall vs leid?
Quhen we ar sad quA sall vnto vs sing?
with Sic sweit Bill Ee wald cruik vs the breid.

In all thir warld wes thair ane kynder thing
In paramour nor he wald do vs plesing,
At thir powre as nature did him geif.
Now efter him allace how sall we leif?

Quod Sprutok thay, O sic sisteris off zour sorrow
Se be to mad ffor him sic murning maic.
We sall ffair weill, I find Sanct Johne to borrow,
The prouerb sayis, als gude lufe cummis as gaic.
I will put on my haly dayis claiis,
And mak me fresch agane this Iolit may,
Syne chant this sang wes meuir widow sa gay.

He wes angry and held vs ay in aw,
And wounderit with the speir off Ielowsy.
Off chalmergleow pertok, full weill ze knaw,
Waistit he wes, off Nature cauld and dry.
Sen he is gone thairfoir Sisteris say I,
Be blyith in baill, ffor that is best remeid.
Let quik to quik, and deid ga to the deid.

Thay pertok spak, with feinzeit faith befoir,
Bot lust but lufe he set all his delyte.
Sisteris ze wait off sic as him ane scoir,
Wald not suffice to slaik our appetyte,
I hecht be my hand sen he is quyte,
Within ane ouk ffor shame, and I our speik,
To get ane berne suld better claw oure breik.

Thay Coppok lyke ane Curate spak full crous,

Syne wes ane vtouay vengeance from the heuin.
He wes sa loud, and sa leglerous.
He had (quod scho) Kittokis ma than seuin.
Bot vrychteous God hald and the balandis euin,
Smytis vrycht sair thocht he be patient,
For adulteris, that will thame not repent.

Prydefull he wes, and iovit off his sin,
And comptit not for Goddis fauour nor fein.
Bot traistit ay to vaw, and sa to win,
Quhill at the last his sinnis cay him leid,
To schamefull end, and to zone suddand deid.
Thairfoir it is the vtouay hand off God,
That causit him be wirryit with the Cod.

Quhen this wes said, this widow ffra hir swouy,
Start vp on fute, and on hir kennettis cryde.
How berk Bewis, Bawsie, Brouy,
Vpe schaw, Sir weil, Curtes, Mustiecloyde,
Togidder all but grunching fueth ze glyde,
Reskew my Nobill Cok or he be slane,
Or ellis to me se ze cum meuir agane.

With that but baid thay braidet ouer the bent,
As fyre off flint thay ouer the feildis flaw,
Full wichtlie thay throw wood and waterис went,
And ceissit not schir Lowrence quhill thay sawe.
Bot quhen he saw the Kennettis cum on raw,
Vnto the Cok in mynd he said God sen,
That I and thow wer fairlie in my den.

Thay ſaid the Cok with ſum fude Spirit inſpyrit,
So my counſall and I ſall warrand the.
Hungrie thow art, and ſtour grit trauell tyrit,
Richt faint off force, and may not ferther fle.
Swyith turne agane, and ſay, that I and ze,
Freindis ar maid, and follo wis ſtour ane zeir.
Thay will thay ſtint, I ſtand ſtour it and not ſteir.

Thir Cok thocht ze wes falſ and friuolus,
And had frawdis ſic querwell to defend.
Quhair wes be menis richt meruelous.
For falſet failzeis ay at the latter end.
He ſtart about, and cuyit as he wes kend.
With that the Cok he braid out off the bewis.
Now Iuge ze all quhairat Schir Lowrence lewis.

Begylit thus the Cod vndir the tre,
Oy luntis fell, and said gude Chantecleir.
Cum doun agane, and I but meit ye fre,
Salbe zour may and ſeruand ſtour ane zeir.
Na falſ theif, and vtuar, ſtand not me neir.
My bludy hekill, and my mekſa bla,
Hes partit freindſchip ſtour euer betwene ws twa.

I wes vnwyſe that winkit at thy will,
Quhairthrow almaiſt I loiſſit had my hid.
I wes maiſ fule (quod he) to be ſa ſtill,
Quhairthrow to put my pray in to pleid.
Fair oy falſ theif, God keip me ſtra thy feid.

With

With that the Cok ouer the feild gan tuke his flicht,
And in at the Wodowis Lowrer coutit he licht.

The Moralitas.

NOw worthie folk ſuppoſe this be ane Fabill,
And ouerheillit wyth typis figurall.
Zit may ze find ane ſentence richt agreabill,
Vnder thir fenzeit termis textuall.
To our purpoſe this Cok weill may we call,
Nyſe proud men, woid, and vaneglorious,
Of kin and blude quhilk ar preſumpteous.

FY puft vp pryde. thow is full poyſonabill.
Quha fauoris the on force man haif ane fall.
Thy ſtrenth is nocht, thy ſtule ſtandis vnſtabill,
Tak witnes of the Feyndis Infernall,
Quhilk houndit doun wes fra that heuinlie hall.
TO Hellis hole, and to that hiddeous hous.
Becauſe in pryde thay wer preſumpteous.

This fenzeit FOXE may weill be figurate,
To flatteraris with pleſand wordis quhyte.
With fals mening and mynd maiſt toxicate,
To loifandle, that ſettis thair haill delyte.
All worthie folk at ſic ſuld haif deſpyte.
FOr quhair is thair mair perrellous peſtilence,
Nor gif to learis haiſtelie credence.

The wickit mynd and ADULLATIOUN,
Of ſucker ſweit haifand the ſimilitude,
BITTER as gall, and full of poyſoun,
To taiſt it is quha cleirlie vnderſtude.

For

For thy as now schortlie to conclude,
Thir twa sinnis, flatterie, and vaneglore,
Ar vennomous gude folk fle thame thairfoir.

FINIS.

The Taill how this foirsaid Tod, maid his cõfessioun to Freir Volf Vaitskaith.

Leif we this Widow glaid Ȝow assure,
Off Chanteclcir, mair blyith thay Ȝ can tell.
And speik we off the subtell auenture.
And destenie that to this Fox befell,
Quhilk durst na mair with waitting Intermell,
Ale lang as Leme or Licht wes off the day,
Bot bydand nicht full styll Lurkand he lay.

Quhill that the Goddes off the flude,
Phebus had callit to the harbery.
And Hesperous put vp his cluddie hude,
Ȝgawand his Lustie Visage in the sky.
Thay Lowrence luikit vp, quhair he couth ly,
And kest his hand vpon his Ee on hicht,
Merie and glade that cummit wes the nicht.

Out off the Wod vnto ane hill he went,
Quhair he micht se the tuinkling sterris cleir.
And all the planetis off the firmament,
Thair cours, and eik thair moning in the Speir.
Sum retrograde, and sum Stationar.

And

And off the Ȝodiak in quhat degre,
Thay wer ilk ane, as Lowrence leirnit me.

Thay Saturne auld wes enterit in Capricorne,
And Iuppiter mouit in Sagittarie.
And Mars vp in the Rammis heid wes borne.
And phebus in the Lyoun furth can carie.
Venus the Crab, the Mone wes in Aquarie,
Mercurius the God off Eloquence,
Into the Virgyn maid his residence.

But Astrolab, Quadrant, or Almanak,
Reiglit off nature be Instructioun,
The moning off the heuin this God can tak,
Quhat influence and constellatioun,
Wes lyke to fall vpon the tivth adoun.
And to him self he said withoutin mair,
Weill worth my ffather, that send me to the Lair.

My destenie, and eik my weird I key,
My auenture is cleirlie to me kend.
With misgeit myngit is my mortall mey,
My misleuing the soner bot gif I mend.
It is reward off sin ane schamefull end.
Thairfoir I will ga seik sum Confessour,
And schrywe me clene off my sinnis to this hour.

Allace (quod he) nicht warryit ar we thenis.
Our lyfis set ilk nicht in auenture.
Our cursit craft full mony mays mischenis,

For

For euer we steill, and euer ar lyke pure.
Ay dreid and schame our dayis we indure.
Syne wod Inek, and Crakraip callit ale,
And till our hyre hangit vp be the hale.

Accusand thus his cankerit conscience,
Ay to ane Craig he kest about his Ee.
Quhair he cummand ane lyttill thay fromt hence,
Ane Worthie Doctour in Diuinitie,
Frier Wolff Waitskaith, in science Wonderfle.
To preiche and pray wes new cummit ffra the Clostes
With Beidis in hand sayand his pater noster.

Quhen this Wolff this wylie tratour God,
Dyd kneis fell, with Ande in to his nek.
Welcome my Goistlie father vnder God,
(Quod he) with mony dinge and mony bek.
Ha (quod the Wolff) Schir God for quhat effek
Makis thou heir, vyse vp put vp your hude?
Father (quod he) I haif grit cause to dude.

Ye ar Mirrour, Lanterne, and sicker way,
Quhilk gyde sic stumpill folk as me to grace.
Your hair feit, and your Russet Coull off gray,
Your lene cheik, your paill pietious face,
Schawis to me your perfite Halines.
For weill wer him that anis in his lyue,
Had hap to gow his sinnis ffor to schryue.

Ma felis Lowrence (quod the Wolff and leuch,

It plesis me thairfe ye ar penitent.
Off reif and slouth, & Schir, I can tell aneuch,
That causis me full sair for to repent.
Bot ffather hyde still Heir vpon the bent,
I yow beseik, and heir me to declair,
My conscience, that prikkis me sa sair.

Weill (quod the Wolff) sit doun vpon thy kne
And he doun hair heid sat full humilly.
And syne begouth with Benedicitie.
Quhen this sawe, he drew ane lyttill by.
For it effeiris nouther to Heir, nor Spy,
Mar to reueill thing said vnder that still,
Vnto the God this Said the Wolf couth kneill.

Art thow contrite, and sorie in thy Spreit,
For thy trespas? Ma Schir, I can not duid,
Me think that Sennis ar sa Sonie sweit,
And Lambes fleschis that new ar lettin bluid,
For to repent my mynd can not conclud,
Bot off this thing, that I haif slane sa few.
Weill (quod the Wolf) in faith thow art ane schrew

Gey thow can not forthink thy wickitnes,
Will thow forbeir in tyme to cum and mend.
And I forbeir, yow sall I leif allace,
Haifand mane vther craft me to defend.
Meid causis me to steill quhair euer I wend.
I schame to thig, I can not wirk ye wait.

Sit wald I fane pretend to gentill stait.

Weill (quod the Wolf) thow wantis pointis twa,
Belangand to perfyte Confessioun.
To the thrid part off penitence lat me ga,
Will thow tak pane for thy transgressioun?
Na Schir consider my Complexioun,
Celie and Waik, and off my Nature tender,
Lo, will ze se, I am baith lene and sklender.

Sit neuerthelee I wald fwa it wer licht,
Effort and not greuand to my tenderee,
Tak part off pane, fulfill it gif I micht,
To set my selie Saull in Way off grace.
Thow sall (quod he) forbeir fleshe vntill paske,
To tame thie Corpe that cursit Cairnis.
And heir I reik the full remissioun.

I grant thairto, fwa ze will giff me leif,
To eit puddingis, or laip ane lytill bludd,
Or heid, or feit, or paynchis let me preif.
Iy tace I fall no flesh vnto my fude.
For grit mister I gif the leif to dude,
Cuyse in the ouik, for meid may haif na Law.
God zeild zow Schir, for that Text weill I knaw.

Quhen thie wee said, the Wolf hie wayis went,
The Foxe on fute he fure vnto the flude.
To fang him fisch haililie wee his intent.
Bot quhen he fawe the watter, and wallis wonde,

Astonist

Astonist all still in to ane staw he stude.
And said, better that I had bidin at hame,
Nor bene ane fiischar in the Deuillis Name.

Now may I scraip my meit out off the sand,
And I haif mouther boittis nor net bait.
Ne se wee thus for falt off meit murnand,
Lukand about sic leuing for to lait.
Vnder ane tre he sawe ane trip off Gait.
Thay wee se blythe, and in ane hewch him hid,
And fra the Gait he stall ane lytill Kid.

Syne oute the leuch vnto the see he lyis,
And tuke the Kid be the hornis twane,
And in the watter outher twyis or thryis,
He dowkit him, and till him cay he sayne.
Sa doun Schir Kid, cum vp Schir Salmond, agane.
Quhill he wee deid syne to the land him drewch,
And off that new maid Salmond eit ane wch.

Thus fynelie fillit with young tender meit,
Vnto ane Steme for dreid he him addrest,
Vnder ane buske, quhair that the sone cay beit.
To beik his breist and bellie he thocht best.
And reklesslie he said quhair he did rest,
Straikand his wame aganis the sonis heit,
Vpoy this wame set wer ane bolt full meit.

Quhen thie wee said the keipar off the Gait,
Cairfull in hart his Kid wee stolley away,
Oy euerilk syde full warlie couth he wait,

Quhill at the last, he saw quhair Lowrence lay,
And Bow he bent, and flane with ffeddaris gray.
He haillit to the Leid, and or he stird,
The Foxe he prikkit fast vnto the tird.

Now (quod the Foxe) allace and wellaway,
Sorrit I am, and may na forther gang.
Me think na man may speik ane word in play,
Bot now or Day ic, in erniſt it is tane.
He harlit him, and out he drew his flane.
And ffor his Kid, and vther violence,
He tuke his skyn, and maid ane recompence.

The Moralitas.

THis suddand deith, and vnprouysit end,
Of this fals Tod, without prouisioun,
Exempill is exhortand folk to amend.
For dreid of sic ane lyke confusioun,
For mony now hes gude professioun,
zit not repentis, nor for thair sinnis greit,
Because thay think thair lustie lyfe sa sweit.

Sum bene also throw consuetude and ryte,
Vincust with carnall sensualitie,
Suppose thay be as for the tyme contryte,
Can not forbeir, nor fra thair sinnis flie.
Vse drawis Nature swa in propertie,
Of beist and man, that neidlingis thay man do,
As thay of lang tyme hes bene hantit to.

Be war gude folke, and feir this suddane schoit,
Quhilk smytis sair withoutin resistence.
Attend wyislie, and in zour hartis be noit.
Aganis deith may na man mak defence,
Ceis of zour sin, Remord zour conscience,
Obey vnto zour God and ze sall wend,
Efter zour deith, to blis withouttin end.

The Taill of the Sōc & Air of the foirsaid Foxe, callit Father wer: Alswa the Parliamēt of fourfuttit Beistis, haldin be the Lyoun.

THis foirsaid ffoxe, that deit ffor his misdeid,
Had not ane barne wee gotlin richteouslie,
Till ane schip be Law that micht succeid,
Except ane Sone, quhilk in Adulterie,
He gotlin had in punches primelie.
And till his Name wee callit Father war,
That luifit weill with pultrie to tig and tar.

It followis weill be wissoun naturall,
And gre be gre, off richt comparisoun:
Off euill cummis war: off war cummis warst of all.
Off wrangus geir cummis sale succession.
This ffoxe Bastard of gentralioun,
Off seuerall kynde behuifit to be sale.
Swa wee his Father, and his Grandschir ale.

Ne Nature will seikand hie meit be sent,
Off cace Ee fand Eie ffatheris Carioun,
Makit, new slane, and till Eim Ee Ee went,
Tuke vp his heid, and oy Eie kne fell doun,
Thankand grit God off that conclusioun.
And said, mow sall I bruke sey I am aiv,
The bundis quhair thow wes wont ffor to repaire.

Fy Couetice vnkynd, and ventmoue.
The Cone wes fane Ee fand Eis ffather deid,
Be suddand schot, ffor deidis odioue,
That Ee micht vinge, and raxe in till Eis steid.
Preidand ma thing the samin lyfe to leid,
Fy thift, and reif, ac did his ffather befoir.
Bot to the end attent he tuke no moir.

Sit neuerthelee throw Naturall pitie,
The Carioun vpoy Eis bak Ee taie.
Now find I weill this prouerb trew (quod Ee)
Ay ginnis the ffoxe, als lang ac Ee sutt faie.
Syne with the Corps vnto ane peitfoit gaie,
Off watter ffull, and keist Eim in the deip.
And to the Deuill Ee gaif Eis banis to keip.

O fulisch Ee may plungit in wardlynes,
To conquetis wardlis gude, and gois, and rent.
To put thy Saull in pane, or Feuines,
To vicht thy aim quhilk eftir thow art went,
Haue Ee thy gude, Ee takis bot small tent.

To execute, to do, to satisfie,
Thy letter will, thy det, and legacie.

This God to rest him, he passit to ane Craig,
And thair he hard ane buistrous Bugill blaw.
Quhilk ac he thocht, mais all the wauis to waig.
And vnicorne come lansand oute ane Law.
Thay start he vp, quhen Ee this Lard and saw,
With horne in hand, ane bill in beist the bure.
And rousephant semlie I zow assure.

Vnto ane bank quhair Ee micht se about,
Oy eueilk syde in haist he culd him hy.
Schot out his voce, full schell, and gaif ane schout.
And oy this wyis twyse, or theyse did cry.
With that the beistis in the feild thairby,
All meruelland, quhat sis ane thing suld mene,
Swiftlie agast thay gadderit oy ane grene.

Out off ane bus ane bull sone can he braid,
And red the Text withoutin tarying.
Commandand silence, sadlie thus he said.
The Nobill Lyoun, off all beistis the King,
Greting to God helth euerlesting.
To bruteall beistis, and Irrationall,
I send, ac to my subiectis grit and small.

My Celsitude, and hie magnificence,
Latis zow to wit, that tuiy incontinent,
Thinkis the meit with Loyall diligence.

Vpon this Fill to Fald ane parliament.
Straitlie thairfoir I gif commandement,
For to comptir befoir my Tribunall,
Vndir all pane, and perrell that may fall.

The morrow come, and phebus with his bemis,
Consumit had the mistie cluddis gray.
The ground wes getne, and als as gold it glemis,
Wit gers growand gudelie, greit and gay.
The spyce thay spred to spring vp eurelie spray.
The Lark, the Mauis, and the Merll, full hie.
Sweitlie can sing ertippand ffra tre to tre.

The Tropardis come with Crouny off massie gold
Beiand thay brocht vnto that Fillis Fight,
With taspis Jonit, and Royall Rubeis rold,
And mony diuerss Dyamontis dight,
With towis proud ane palzeoun doun thay pight.
And in that Throne, thair sat ane wild Lyoun,
Ty Rob Royall, with Sceptour, Sword, and Croun.

Efter the tennour off the cry befoir,
That gaid vp all fourfuttit beistis in eird,
As thay commandit wer withoutin moir,
Befoir thair Lord the Lyoun thay appeird.
And quhat thay wer to me as Lowrence leird.
I sall reheirs ane part off eurelie kynd,
Als fer as now occurris to my mynd.

The Minotaur, ane Monster mervelous,
Bellerophont

Bellerophont that beist of Bastardie.
The Warwolff, and the pegase perillous,
Transformit be assent of sorcerie.
The Linx the Tiger full off Tirannie:
The Elephant: and eik the Dromedarie:
The Camell with his Cran neck furth can carie.

The Leopard, as I haif tauld befoirne:
The Anteloip: the Spanth furth couth speid:
The peyntit pantheir: and the Vnicorne:
The Raindeir Bay throw Reuir, Rone, and Reid.
The Jolie Gillet, and the gentill Steid:
The Asse: the Mule: the Hors of eurelie kynd,
The Ga: the Ea: the Lornit Hart: the Hynd.

The Bull: the Beir: the Bugill: and the Bair:
The tame Cat: Wildcat: and the Wildwod Swyne:
The Hardbasket Hurchoun: and the Hirpland Hair:
Baith Otter and Aip: and pennit porcupyne.
The Sukit Sait: the selie Schiip the Swyne:
The wyld Ounce: the Buk: the Velterand Brok:
The Fowmart, with the Fibert ffurth can flok.

The gray Owerhound, with Slewthound furth can slyde,
With Doggis all diuers and diffrent.
The Kaitoun kay, the Slobard furth can glyde.
The quhyppand Quhitwit, with the Quhasill went,
The Feitho that ma furrit mony fent.
The Mentrik: with the Cunning: and the Coy:

The Bowranbane: and eik the Levion.

The marmisset: the Mowdewart couth leis,
Because that Nature denyit had hir sicht.
Thus dressit thay all furth, ffor deris off deis,
The muse, the lytill Mous with all hir micht,
With haist sho haikit vnto that hill off hicht,
And mony kynd off beistis I couth not knaw,
Befoir thair Lord the Lyoun thay loutit law.

Seing thir beistis all at his bidding boun,
He gaif ane braid, and luikit him about.
Thay flatlingis to his feit thay fell all doun,
For deris off deith, thay droupit all in dout.
He lukit quhey that he saw thame lout,
And bad thame with ane countenance full sweit,
Be not effeirit, bot stand vp on zour feit.

I tak zow wit, my micht is meruiabill,
And steirie mane that ar to me prostrait.
Angrie, austeene, and ala vnamyabill,
To all that standis ay to myne estait.
I rug, I reif, all beistis that makis debait.
Aganis the micht off my Magnyficence,
Se mane pretend to pryde in my presence.

My Celsitude, and my hie Maiestie.
With micht, and mercie myngit sall be ay.
The lawest heir I can ffull sone vp hie,
And mak him maister ouer zow all I may.
The Dromedaris gif he will mak stray,

The

The grit Camell, thocht he wer neuer sa croue.
I can him law ala lytill as ane Mous.

Se neir be twentie myllis quhair I ay,
The Kid ga saiflie be the gaittis syde.
The Cod Lowrie luke not to the lay.
Na reuand beistis mouther Eyn, nor eyde.
Thay cowsit all eftir that thir wer cryde.
The Justice bad the Court ffor to gar fence,
The sutis callit, and ffoirfalt all absence.

The panther with his payntit coit Armour,
Fensit the Court, as off the Law effeird.
Thay Cod Lowrie luikit quhair he couth lour,
And stant on fute, all stonist and all steird,
Eyis and hir haw, he creyit with ane reird,
Quaikand ffor deris, and sichand couth he say,
Allace this hour, allace this dulefull day.

I wait this iudgand semblis that I se
Haisand the pointis off ane parliament,
I se maid to mar sic misdoaris as me.
Thairfoir geue I me schaw I will be schent,
I will be socht, and I be vsd absent.
To byde, or fle, it makis no remeid,
All is alyke, thair ffollowis not bot deid.

perplexit thus in his hart cay he mene,
Throw ffalset how he micht him self defend
His hude he drew laich attour his Ene,

And winkand with ane Eye furth ȝe wend.
Clinschand ȝe come, that ȝe micht not be kend,
And for dreddour that ȝe sulȝ bene arreist,
He playit bukhude behind, ffra beist to beist.

O fylit Spreit, and canktrit Conscience,
Befoir ane Ey Renzeit with rightcousnes,
Blakinnit cheikis, and schamefull countenance,
Fairweill thy fame now gone is all thy grace,
The phisnomie, the fauour off thy face,
For thy defence is foull and disfigurate,
Brocht to ane licht basit, blunt, and blait.

Be thow attechit with thift, or with tressoun,
For thy misdeid wrangous, and wickit fay,
Ey cheir changis Lowrence, thow may luke doun,
Thy Worschip of thir warld is went away.
Luke to thir Cod how ȝe wes in effray,
And fle the filth of falset I the reid,
Quhairthrow thair fallowis syn, and schamefull deid.

Compeirand thus befoir thair Lord and King.
Thy ordour set as to thair estait effeird.
Of cuvrik kynd ȝe gart ane part furth bring,
And awfullie ȝe spak, and at thame spoird,
Gif thrie wes ony kynd of beistis in eird,
Absent, and thairto gart thame deiplie sweir,
And they said nane, except ane Studd gray Meir.

Sa maid ane messinge sone unto that Studd,
The

The Court thay cryit now see quha sall it be,
Cum furth Lowrie lurkand under the Rude,
Na Schir, mercie, to I haue bot ane ee,
Hurt in the hocht, and cruikit as ȝe may se.
The Wolff is better in Ambassatry,
And mair cunning in Clergie ner thay I.

Rampand ȝe said, ga furth brybour baith,
And thay to ga with lowtin tarying,
Outer Roy and Rute thay ran togidder raith,
And fand the Meir at hir meit in the morning.
Now (quod the Cod) Madame cum to the King,
The Court is callit, and ȝe ar Contumax
Let be Lowrence (quod scho) your Cowrtlie Knav.

Maistres (quod ȝe) cum to the Court ȝe moy,
The Lyoun ȝes commandit so in deid.
Schir God take ȝe the flyrdome, and the Foy,
I haue respite ane zeir, and ȝe will reid.
I can not spell (quod ȝe) sa God me speid,
Heir is the Wolff, ane Nobill Clerk at all,
And of the Message is maid principall.

He is Autentik, and ane may of age,
And ȝes grit practik of the Chancellary.
Let him ga luke, and reid your priuilage,
And I sall stand, and beir witnes zow by.
Quhair is thy Respite (quod the Wolff) in hy
Schir it is heir under my Lufe weill hid.

Hald

Hald vp thy Heill (quod he) and so sgo dois.

Thocht he wes blindit with pryde, zit he presumis,
To luke douy law, quhair that his letter lay.
With that the meir gaid him vpon the gumis,
And strailt the Fattell off his heid away
Halff out off lyif thair lenand douy he lay,
Allace (quod Lowrence) Lupus, thow art loist.
His cunning quod the Meir) wes worth sum coist.

Lowrence (quod sgo) will thow luke vp my letter,
Sey that the volff ma thing thairoff can wyn?
Ma be Sanct Bryde (quod he me thinkis it better,
To sleip in Faill, nor in ane Eurt skyn.
Ane skrow ffand, and this wes writtin in,
For ffeyne sgillingis ffyve wald not anis ffourfaut Hin,
Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautũ.

With brokin scap, and bludit cheikis reid,
This wrettchit volff weipand, thus vp he went,
Off his mynzie mankand to get remeid,
To tell the King the cace wes his Intent.
Sgir (quod the God) hyde still vpon this bent,
And ffra your browis wesche away the bluid.
And tak ane drink, ffor it will do zow gud.

To fetche walter this ffrandfull Foxe furth fure,
Sydelingis abak he socht vnto ane syke.
Vp cace he meittis cummand ffra the mure,
Ane Trip off Lambis dansand vp ane dyke.

This

This Creatour God, this Cirvant, and this Cryke,
The fattest off this flock, he ffellit haid.
And eit his fill, syne to the Wolff he gaid.

Thay drank togidder, and syne thair Journey takis
Before the King, syne kneillit on thair kne.
Quhair is zone Meir, Sgir God, wes Contumax?
Thay Lowrence said, my Lord, speir not at me.
Speir at zour Doctour off Diuinitie,
With his reid Cap can tell zow weill aneuch.
With that the Lyoun, and all the laif thay leuch.

Tell vp the cais, now Lowrence let vs heir,
This wittie Wolff (quod he) this Clerk off age,
Vp zour behalff he bad the Meir compeir.
And sgo allegit to ane priuilage
Cum meir, and se, and ze sall haiff zour wage.
Because he red his rispite plant and weill,
Zone reid Bonat sgo raucht him with his heill.

The Lyoun said, be zone reid Cap I key,
This Caill is trew, quha tent vnto it takis.
The greitest Clerkis ar not the wysest mey.
The hurt off ane happis the vther makis.
Ne thay wer carpand in this cais, with knakis,
And all the Court in mirrines and in gam.
Swa come the zow, the Mother off the Lam.

Before the Justice vp his kneis fell,
put out his playnt vp this wyis wofully.

This

Thir harlet hurefone, and thir hound off hell.
Deuorit hes my Lamb full doggitly,
Within ane myle, in contrair to your cry.
For Goddis lufe, my Lord, gif me the Law,
Off thir lurkers, with that Lowrence let draw.

Byde (quod the Lyoun) Lymmer let me se,
Gif it be futhe the felie fow hes faid.
Ha Coutrant Lord, faif your mercie (quod he.)
My purpois wes with him ffor to haif plaid.
Cauffes he fled as he had bene effraid,
For dreid off deith, he duschit ouer ane dyke,
And brak his nek. Thow leis (quod fchO fals tyke.

His deith be practik may be preuit eith,
Thy gorrie gumis, and thy bludie fnout.
The woll, the flefche zit ftikkis on thy teith,
And that is euidence aneuch but dout.
The Juftice bad ga fchir ane Affyis about.
And fo thay did, and fand that he wes fals,
Off Murther, thift, fyking, and treffoun als.

Thay band him faft, the Juftice bad belyif,
To gif the dome, and tak off all his clais.
The Wolff that new maid Doctour couth him fchrif
Syne furth him led and to the Gallous gais,
And at the ledder fute his leif he tais.
The Aip wes Bowchour and bad him fone afcend.
And fangit him, and thus he maid his end.

Moralitas.

Moralitas.

Richt as the Mynour in his Minorall,
Fair gold with fyre may fra the Leid weill wyn.
Richt fo vnder ane Fabill figurall,
Sad fentence men may feik: and efter fyne,
As daylie dois the Doctouris of Deuyne,
That to our leuing full weill can apply,
And paynt thair mater furth be Poetry.

The Lyoun is the warld be liknes,
To quhome loutis baith Empriour, and King,
And thinkis of this warld to get incres,
Thinkand daylie to get mair leuing.
Sum for to reull: and fum to raxe and Ring.
sum gadderis geir: fum Gold: fum vther gude,
To wyn this warld, fum wirkis as thay wer wod,

The Meir is Men of gude conditioun.
As Pilgrymes Walkand in this wildernes,
Approuand that for richt Religioun.
Thair God onlie to pleis in euerilk place,
Abftractit from this warldis wretchitnes,
Fechtand with luft, prefumptioun and pryde,
And fra this warld in mynd ar mortyfyde.

This Volf I likkin to Senfualitie,
As quhen lyke brutall beiftis we accord,
Our mynd all to this warldis vanitie,
Lyking to tak, and loif him as our Lord,
Fle faft thairfra, gif thow will richt remord,
Than fall Reffoun ryfe, Rax and Ring,
And for thy Saull thair is na better thing.

Hir

Hir Hufe I likkin to the thocht of deid.
Will thow remember, Man, that thow man de,
Thow may brek Senſualiteis heid,
And fleſchlie luſt away fra the ſall fle,
Fra thow begin thy mynd to mortifie.
Salomonis ſaying thow may perſaif heirin,
Think on thy end, thow ſall not glaidlie ſin.

This Tod I likkin to Temptationis,
Beirand to mynd mony thochtis vane,
Aſſaultand men with ſweit perſwaſionis,
Ay reddie for to trap thame in ane trayne.
Zit gif thay ſe Senſualitie neir ſlane,
And ſuddand deith draw neir with panis ſore,
Thay go abak, and temptis thame no moir.

O Mediatour mercifull, and meik,
Thow ſoueraigne Lord, and King Celeſtiall,
Thy celſitude maiſt humillie we beſeik,
Vs to defend fra pane and perrellis all.
And help vs vp vnto thy heuinlie hall,
In gloir, quhair we may ſe the face of God,
And thus endis the talking of the Tod.

FINIS.

The Taill of the Scheip, ād the Doig.

Eſope ane Taill pultis in memorie,
How that ane Doig, becauſe that he wes pure,
Callit ane Scheip to the Conſiſtorie,
Ane certane dutie ffra him ffor to recure.
Ane fraudfull Wolff wes Juge that tyme, and bure,
Authoritie,

Authoritie, and Juriſdictioun.
And on the Scheip ſend furth ane ſtrait ſummoun.

For by the vſe, and coure, and commoun ſtyle,
On this maner maid he Citatioun.
I Maiſter Wolff partles off fraud and gyle,
Vnder the panis off Ex Suſpenſioun,
Off grit Curſing and Interdictioun,
Charge the Scheip, I charge the, for to compeir,
And anſwer to ane Doig befoir me Meir.

Ane Corbie Nuncio wes maid Apparitour,
Quha pykit had ffull mony Scheipis &c.
The charge he tane, and on the letterie bure,
Summonit the Scheip befoir the Wolff, that he,
Peremptourlie within twa dayis, or thre,
Compeir vnder the panis in this bill,
To heir quhat petit Doig will say the till.

This Summondis maid befoir Witnes anew,
The Nuncio as to his office weill effeird,
Indorſat he the Write, and on he flew.
The ſelie Scheip durſt lay na mouth on eird,
Till he befoir the awfull Juge apperd.
The ourt off cauſe, quhilk that the Juge vſit thay
Quhen Heſperus to ſchaw his face begay.

The Foxe wes Clerk, and Noter in the cauſe.
The Sled, the Graip at the Bar couth ſtand,
As Aduocatis expert in the Lawis,

The Spaggie pley togidder tuke thay tane,
Quhilk wer confidentit straitlie in ane bande,
Aganis the Schip to procure the sentence.
Thocht it wer sale thay had na conscience.

The Clerk callit the Schip, and he wes thair.
The Advocatis thir wyse couth propone.
Ane certane breif, worth fyve schilling or mair,
Thow aw the Spaig, off quhilk the terme is gone.
Off his awin heid but Advocate allone,
The Schip anesitlie gaif answer in the cace.
Heir I declyne the Juge, the tyme, the place.

This is my cause, in motive and effect.
The Law sayis, it is richt perrillous,
Till enter in pley befoir ane Juge suspect.
And ze Schir Wolff, hes bene richt odious
To me, for with zour Juskis raueinous.
Hes slane full mony kinnismen off myne.
Thairfoir Juge, as suspect, I zow declyne.

And schortlie, of this Court ze memberis all,
Baith Assessouris, Clerk, and Advocate,
To me, and myne, ar ennemies mortall,
And ay hes bene, as myny Schipheird wate.
The place is fey, the tyme is feriate.
Quhairfoir na Juge sulde sit in Consistory,
Sa lait at euin, I zow accuse effor thy.

Quhen that the Juge in this wyse wes accusit,
He bad the parteis geis with ane assent,

Twa

Twa Arbiteris, as in the Law is vsit,
For to declair, and gif Arbitriment,
Quhidder the schip sulde answer in Jugement,
Befoir the Wolff: and so thay did but weir,
Off quhome the Namis efterwart ze sall heir.

The Weir, the Wrok, the matter tuke on hand,
For to discyde gif this exceptioun,
Wes off na strenth, nor lauchfully myght stand.
And thairupon as Juge thay sat doun,
And held ane lang quhyle disputatioun,
Heirand full mony Decretis off the Law,
And Glosis ale, the veritie to knaw.

Of Ciuile Law volumis full mony thay reuolue,
The Codice, and Digestis new and ald.
Contrait, prostrait Argumentis thay resolue.
Sum obiecting, and sum can hald.
For prayer, or price, trow ze that thay wald fald
Vot hald the gloss, and Text of the Decreis,
As trew Juges. I beschrew thame ay that leis.

Schortlie to mak ane end off this debait,
The Arbiteris thay sweirand plane.
The sentence gaue, and procis fulminait,
The Schip sulde pas befoir the Wolff agane,
And end his pley. Thay wes he nathing fane,
For effra thair sentence couth he not appeill.
Oy Clerkis I do it, gif this sentence wes leill.

The Schiep agane befoir the Wolff dewenzeit,
Bot Advocate abasitlie couth stand.
Up raise the Voig, and wy the Schiep thus plenzeit,
And soume I payit Lane befoir the Land,
For certane breid thairto ane Borrow fet fand,
That wrangouslie the Schiep did Hald the breid.
Quhilk he denyit: and thair began the pleid,

And quhen the Schiep this tryist had contestait,
The Justice in the cause fuith cay procedis.
Lowrence the actis, and the proces wrait,
And thus the pley onto the end thay speid.
This Cursit Court corruptit all ffor meid,
Aganis gude faith, Law, and eik conscience,
For this fals Voig pronuncit the sentence.

And it till put to execution
The Wolff chargit the Schiep without delay,
Under the panis off Interdictioun,
The soume off siluer, or the breid to pay.
Off this sentence (allace) quhat sall I say?
Quhilk dampnit hes the selie Innocent,
And justifyit the wrangous Iugement.

The Schiep dreid and mair the execution,
Obeyand to the sentence, he couth tak.
His way onto ane Merchand off the Toun,
And sauld the Woll, that he bure on his bak.
Syne bocht the breid, and to the Voig couth mak,

Reddis

Reddie payment, as it commandit was.
Maikit and bair syne to the feild couth pas.

Moralitas.

This selie Scheip may present the figure,
Of pure commounis that daylie ar oppreſt,
The Tirrane men, quhilkis settis all thair cure,
Be fals meinis, to mak ane wrang conqueſt,
In hope, this present lyfe suld euer leſt.
Bot all begylit, thay will in schort tyme end,
And efter deith to leſtand panis wend.

This Volf, I likkin to ane Schiref stout,
Quhilk byis ane forfalt at the Kingis hand.
And hes with him ane cursit Assyis about,
And dytis all the pure men vp on land.
Fra the Crownar haif laid on him his wand,
Thocht he wer trew as euer wes sanct Iohne,
Slane sall he be, or with the Iuge compone.

This Rauin, I likkin to ane fals Crownair,
Quhilk hes ane portioun of the Inditement,
And passis furth befoir the Iustice air,
All misdoaris to bring to Iugement.
Bot luke gif he wes of ane trew Intent,
To Scraip out Iohne, and wryte in Will, or Wat,
And tak ane bud at boith the parteis tat.

Of this fals rod of quhilk I spak befoir,
And of this Sled, quhat thay micht signify.
Of thair nature, as now I speik no moir.
Bot of this Scheip, and of his cairfull cry,

I ſall reheirs, for as I paſſit by,
Quhair that he lay on cais I lukit doun,
And hard him mak ſair lamentatioun.

Allace (quod he) this curſit Conſiſtorie,
In middis of the winter now is maid,
Quhen Boreas with blaſtis bitterlie,
And hard froiſtes, thir flouris doun can faid,
On bankis bair now may I mak na baid.
And with that word in to ane coifhe crap,
Fra ſair wedder, and froiſtis him to hap.

Quaikand for cauld, ſair murnand ay amang,
Reſt vp his Ee vnto the heuinnis hicht.
And ſaid, Lord God, quhy ſleipis thow ſa lang:
Walk, and diſcerne my cauſe groundit on richt.
Se how I am be fraud, maiſtrie, and ſlicht,
Peillit full bair, and ſo is mony one,
Now in this warld, richt wonder wo begone.

Se how this curſit ſone of couetice,
Loiſt hes baith lawtie, and eik Law.
Now few, or nane will execute Iuſtice,
In falt of quhome, the pure man is ouerthraw.
The veritie ſuppois the Iuge it knaw,
He is ſo blindit with affectioun,
But dreid for micht he lettis the richt go doun.

Seis thow not (Lord) this warld ouerturnit is,
As quha wald change gude gold in leid or tyn,
The pure is peillit, the Lord may do na mis.
And Simonie is haldin for na ſyn.
Now is he blyith with okker maiſt may wyn.

Gentrice

Gentrice is ſlane, and pietie is ago.
Allace (gude Lord) quhy tholis thow it ſo?

Thow tholis this euin for our grit offence,
Thow ſendis vs troubill, and plaigis ſoir.
As hunger, derth, grit weir, or Peſtilence.
Bot few amendis now thair lyfe thairfoir.
We pure pepill as now may do no moir,
Bot pray to the, ſen that we ar oppreſt
In to this eirth, grant vs in heuin gude reſt.

FINIS.

The Taill of the Lyoũ, & the Mous.

In mid ſie of June, that ſweit ſeaſoun,
Quhen that fair phebus with ſie bemis bricht,
Had dryit vp the dew ffra daill and doun,
And all the land maid with ſie bemis licht.
In aue morneyng betuix mid day and nicht,
Fra ie and put all ſleuth, and ſleip aſyde.
And to ane wod I went allone but gyde.

Sweit wes the ſmell off flowris quhyte and reid.
The noyes off birdis richt delitious
The bewis braid blomit abone my heid,
The ground growand with gers gratious.
Off all pleſance, that place wes plenteous,
With ſweit odouris, and birdis harmony,
The Morning Myld, my mirth wes mair for thy.

The roſis reid arrayit on ſtone and ſpreid,
The pyrmeros, and the purpour violat bla.

To heir it was ane poynt off paradice,
Sic Mirth the Nuns, and the Nicht couth ma.
The blossummis blyth the break vp on bank and bus,
The smell off Herbis and off fowlis cry,
Contending quha suld haue the victory.

Me to conserue than ffra the sonis heit,
Vndir the sched off ane Hawthornt grene,
I lenit doun amang the flouris sweit,
Hyne cled my heid, and closit baith my Ene.
On sleip I fell amang thir bewis bene.
And in my dreme, me thocht come throw the schaw,
The fairest May that euer before I saw.

His gowne was off ane claith, als quhyte as milke.
His Chemis was off Chambelate purpour Broun.
His hude off Scarlet, bordowrit weill with silk,
On heklillit wyis vntill his girdill doun.
His Bonat round, and off the auld fassoun.
His beird was quhyte, his Ene was grit and grar,
With lokkis hair, quhilk ouer his schuldris lay.

And Roll off paper in his hand he bair.
And swannis pen stikand vnder his eir.
And inkhorne, with ane prettie gilt pennair,
And bag off silk, all at his belt can beir.
Thus was he gudelie grathit in his geir,
Off stature large, and with ane feirfull face.
Euin quhair I lay he come ane sturdie pace.

And

And said, God speid my sone: and I was fane
Off that couth word, and off his cumpany,
With reuerence I salusit him agane,
Welcome Father: and he sat doun me by.
Displeis zow not my gude maister, thocht I.
Demand zour birth, zour faculty, and name,
Quhy ze come heir, or quhair ze dwell at hame?

My sone (said he) I am off gentill blude.
My natiue land is Rome withoutin nay,
And in that Cowne first to the Sculis I zude,
Ay Ciuile Law studyit full mony ane day.
And now my winning is in Heuin ffor ay.
Esope I hecht, my writing and my werk,
Is couth and kend to mony cunning Clerk.

O Maister Esope quoth I Lawriate,
God wait ze ar full deir welcum to me.
Ar ze not he that all thir Fabillis wrate,
Quhilk in effect suppois thay fenzeit be,
Ar full off prudence and moralitie?
Fair sone (said he) I am the samin man.
God wait gif that my hert was merie than.

I said, Esope my maister venerabill,
I zow beseik hartlie ffor Charitie,
Se wald not disdayne to tell ane prettie Fabill,
Conclud and with ane gude Moralitie.
Gaikand his heid, he said, my sone lat be,

For quhat is it Worth to tell ane fenzeit taill,
Quhen Ealy freiching may na thing auaill?

Now in this warld me think right few or nane.
To Godis Word that hes deuotioun.
The eir is deif, the Eart is Eard as stane.
Now oppin sin without correctioun.
The haue Inclynand to the eirth ay doun.
Sa rousstit is the warld with cankrit klak,
That now my taillis may lytill succour mak.

Sie gentill Sqir (sait) for my requeist.
Not to displeis zour Fatherheid, I pray,
Vndir the figuris off ane brutall beist,
Ane morall Fabill ze wald denze to say.
Quha wait, mor may leir and beir away
Sum thing thairby Leiveftir may auaill?
I grant (quod he) and thus begouth ane taill.

The end of the Prolog, & beginis the Taill.

Ane Lyoun at sic pray war foirrun,
Quhairat sic limmis and to rest,
Beikand sic breist, and belly at the Sun,
Vndir ane tre lay in the fair forest.
Swa come ane trip off Myis out off thair nest.
Richt tait and trig, all dansand in ane gyis,
And outre the Lyoun lansit twyis, or thryis.

He lay so still, the Myis wes not effeird,

Bot to and fro out ouer him tuke thair trace.
Sum tirlit at the Campis off his heid,
Sum spairit not to clauw him on the face,
Merie and glaid, thus dansit thay ane space,
Till at the last, the Nobill Lyoun woke,
And with his pow, the maister Mous he tuke.

Sche gaut ane cry, and all the laif agast,
Thair dansing left, and hid thame sone alquhair
Sche that wes tane, cryit and weipit fast.
And said allace oftymes that sche come thair.
Now am I tane ane wofull prisonair
And ffor my gilt traistis incontinent,
Off lyfe and deith, to thoill the Jugement.

Thay spak the Lyoun to that cairfull Mous.
Thow Catiue wretche, and vile vnworthie thing,
Outre malapart, and tik presumptcous
Thow wes, to mak out oure me thy tripping.
Knew thow not weill, I wes baith Lord and King.
Off beistis all. Ye (quod the Mous) I knaw.
Bot I misknew, becaus ze lay so law.

Lord, I beseik thy Kinglie Royaltie,
Heir quhat I say, and tak in patience.
Consider first my simple powertie,
And syne thy mychtie hie Magnyfycence.
Se ale how thingis done off Negligence,
Mouther off malice, nor of presumptioun,
The rather suld haue grace and remissioun.

We wer repleit, and had grit abundance,
Off alkin thingis, sic as to ws effeird.
The sweit sesoun prouokit ws to dance,
And mak sic mirth as nature to ws leird.
To lay so still, and law vpon the eird,
That be my sawll, we weind ye had bene deid.
Elles wald we not haue dancit ouer your heid.

Thy fals excuse, the Lyoun said againe,
Sall not auaill ane myte I vndirta.
I put the cace, I had bene deid, or slane,
And syne my skyn bene stoppit full off stra.
Thocht thow had sound my figure lyand swa,
Becausse it bure the prent off my personn,
Thow suld ffor ffeir oy kntis haue fallin doun.

For thy trespas thow can mak na defence,
My Nobill persoun thus to viliipend.
Off thy feirie, nor thy awin negligence,
For to excuse thow can na cause pretend.
Thairfoir the sowld suffer sall ane schamefull end,
And deith, sic as to tressoun is decretit,
Vpon the Sallous Earlit be the feit.

Na mercie Lord, at thy gentrice I ask,
Na thow art King off beistis Coronate,
Sober thy wraith, and let it ouerpas,
And mak thy mynd to mercy Inclynate.
I grant offence is done to thyne estate,

Quhairfoir

Quhairfoir 7 worthit am to suffer deid,
Bot gif the Kinglie mercie reik remeid.

Ay euerie Juge mercy and reuth suld be,
Ne Assessouris, and Collaterall.
Without mercie Justice is cruèltie,
Ne said is in the Lawis speciall.
Quhen Rigour sittis in the Tribunall,
The equitie off Law quha may sustene?
Richt few or nane but mercie gang betwene.

Alswa ye knaw the Honour Triumphall,
Off all victour, vpon the strenth depends
Off hie conquest, quhilk manlie in battell,
Throw Jeopardie of weir lang defends.
Quhat pryce or louing quhen the battell endis,
To said off him, that ouercummis ane man,
Him to defend quhilk nouther may, nor can

Ane thowsand Myis to kill, and tik deuoir,
Ja lytill manheid to ane strang Lyoun.
Full lytill worschip haue ye wyn thairfoir,
To quhais strenth is na comparisoun:
It will degraid sum part off your renoun,
To sla ane mous, quhilk may mak na defence,
Bot assand mercie at your excellence.

Asso it semis not your Celsitude,
Quhilk vsis daylie meittis delitious,
To fyle your teith, or lippis with my blude,

Quhilk

Quhilk to zour stomok is contagious.
Inhailsum meit is of ane sarit Mous,
And that namelie Intill ane strang Lyoun,
Wont till be fed with gentill Venneson.

My lyfe is lytill worth, my deith is les.
Sit and I leif I may peraduenture
Cupple zour Lions beand in distres,
For oft is sene, ane may off small stature,
Ressit wit les ane Lord off hie honour,
Keipit that wes in poynt to be ouerthrawin.
Throw missfortoun sic cace may be zour awin.

Quhen thir wes said, the Lyoun his language
Paisit, and thocht according to ressoun.
And gart mercie his cruell ire assuage,
And to the Mous grantit remissioun.
Oppinnit his pow, and scho ey knaw fell doun,
And baith hir handis vnto the heuin vpheild,
Cryand, Almichty God mot zow reward.

Quhen scho wes gone, the Lyoun Ietis to hunt,
For he had nocht, bot leuit on his pray.
And slew baith tayme and wyld, as he wes wont,
And in the cuntrie maid ane grit stray.
Till at the last, the pepill fand the way,
Thir cruell Lyoun how that thay mycht tak.
Off hemyng cordis strang Nettis couth thay mak.

And in ane stad, quhair he wes wont to ryn,

With

With Paipis rude stra twe to twe it band.
Syne kest ane Lange oy raw the wod within,
With hornis blast, and Kennettis fast calland.
The Lyoun fled, and throw the Roy rynnand,
Fell in the Net, and hankit fute and heid,
For all his strenth he couth mak na remeid.

Weltrand about with his stout rummissing,
Quhyle to, quhyle stra, quhill he mycht succour get.
Bot all in vane, it vailzeit him na thing.
The mair he slang, the faster wes the Net,
The Paipis rude wes sa about him plet,
Oy cuerilk syde, that succour saw he nane,
Bot styll lyand, and murnand maid his mane.

O lamit Lyoun liggand heir sa law,
Quhair is the mycht off thy Magnyfycence?
Off quhome all brutall beist in eird stude aw,
And dred to luke vpoy thy Excellence.
But hoip, or help, but succour, or defence,
Iy bandis strang heir may I ly (allace)
Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.

Thair is na wy that will my harmis wreik,
Nor creature do confort to my Croun.
Quha sall me bute? quha sall my bandis breik?
Quha sall me put fra pane off thir tressoun?
Be he had maid this lamentatioun,
Throw auenture, the lytill Mous come neir,

And

And off the Lyoun Lard the pietuous beir.

And suddanlie it come in till Hir mynd,
That it sulde be the Lyoun dis Hir grace,
And said, now wer I sale, and richt unkynd,
Bot gif I quit sumpart off thy gentrace,
How dis to me: and oy this way sche gaie,
To hir fellowis and oy thame fast can cry.
Cum help, cum help, and thay come all in hy.

Lo (quod the Moue) this is the samin Lyoun,
That grantit grace to me, quhen I wes tane.
And now is fast Heir bundin in presoun,
Bot kand his hart, with sair murning and mane.
Bot we him help off succour wait he mane.
Cum help to quyte ane gude turne for ane uther.
So soue him sone, and thay said ze gude brother.

Thay tuke na kyrfe, thair teith wes scharpe anewis:
Quhen that sicht, forsuith it wes grit Wounder,
How that thay ran amang the rapis trewis,
Befoir, behind, sum zeid about, sum under.
And schuir the raipis off the net in schunder.
Syne bad Him rys, and he start up anone,
And thankit thame, syne oy his way is gone.

Now is the Lyoun fre off all danger,
Lowe and Delyuerit to his libertie,
Be lytill beistis off ane small power.
Ne ze Laue Lard, because he had pitie.

(Quod

(Quod I Maister is thair ane moralitie
Iy this Fabill? zea sone (he said) richt gude.
I pray zow Schir (quod I) ze wald conclude.

Moralitas.

AS I suppois, this mychtie gay Lyoun,
May signifie ane Prince, or Empriour.
ane potestate, or zit ane King with Croun,
Quhilk suld be walkrife gyde, and Gouernour,
Of his pepill that takis na labour
To reule, and steir, the land, and Iustice keip,
Bot lyis still in lustis, sleuth, and sleip.

The fair Forest with leuis lowne and le,
With foulis sang, and flouris ferlie sweit,
Is bot the warld, and his prosperitie,
As fals plesance myngit with cair repleit.
Richt as the Rois, with froist, and wynter weit
Faidis, swa dois the warld, and thame desauis,
Quhilk in thair lustis maist confidence hauis.

Thir lytill Myis, ar bot the commountie,
Wantoun, vnwyse, without correctioun.
Thair Lordis, and Princis quhen that thay se,
Of Iustice mak nane executioun,
Thay dreid na thing to mak Rebellioun,
And disobey: for quhy thay stand nane aw,
That garris thame thair Soueranis misknaw.

Be this Fabill, ze Lordis of prudence,
May considder the vertew of Pietie.
And to remit sumtyme ane grit offence,
And mitigate with mercy crueltie.

Oftymis is ſene ane man of ſmall degre,
Hes quit ane kinbute baith of gude and ill.
As Lord hes done Rigour, or grace him till.

Quha wait how ſone ane Lord of grit Renoun,
Rolland in wardlie luſt, and vane pleſance,
May be ouerthrawin, deſtroyit, and put doun,
Throw fals fortoun? quhilk of all variance
Is haill maiſtres, and leidar of the dance
Till Iniuſt men, and blindis thame ſo ſoir.
That thay na perrell can prouyde befoir.

Thir rurall men, that ſtentit hes the Net,
In quhilk the Lyoun ſuddandlie wes tane:
Waittit alway amendis for to get.
(For hurt men wrytis in the Marbill ſtane)
Mair till expound, as now I lett allane.
Bot King and Lord may weill wit quhat I mene:
Figure heirof oftymis hes bene ſene.

Quhen this wes ſaid (quod Eſope) my fair child,
I the beſeik, and all men for to pray,
That treſſoun of this cuntrie be exyld,
And Iuſtice regne, and Lordis keip thair fay
Vnto thair Souerane King baith nycht and day.
And with that word he vaniſt, and I woke.
Syne throw the Schaw my Iourney hamewart tuke.

FINIS.

The Preiching of the Swallow.

The ſle prudence, and wirking meruelous,
The profound wit off God omnipotent,

Is ſa perfyte, and ſa ingenious,
Excellent ſtar all mannis Iugement.
For quhy to him all thing is ay preſent,
Eyght as it is, or ony tyme ſall be,
Befoir the ſight off his Diuinitie.

Thairfoir our Saull with Senſualitie,
Is felterit in preſoun Corporall,
We may not cleirlie vnderſtand, nor ſe
God, as he is, nor thingis Celeſtiall,
Our miſt and ſtiddie corps Naturall,
Blindis the Spirituall operatioun,
Lyke as ane may wer bundin in preſoun.

Iy Metaphiſik Ariſtotell ſayis,
That mannis Saull is lyke ane Bakkis Ee,
Quhilk luckis ſtill, als lang as light off day is,
And in the gloming cummis furth to flie.
Hir Ene ar waik, the Sone ſho may not ſe.
Sa is our Saull with fantaſie oppreſt,
To knaw the thingis in nature manifeſt.

For God is in his power Infinite:
And mannis Saull is febill, and ouer ſmall,
Off vnderſtanding waik, and vnperfite
To comprehend him that contenis all.
Mane ſul ſo preſume be reſſoun naturall
To ſeirche the ſecreitis off the Trinitie,
Bot trow ſramelie, and lat all reſſoun be.

Yit neuerthelese we may haif knawlegeing
Off God almyghtie, be his Creatouris.
That he is gude, ffair, wyis and bening,
Exempill tak be thir Jolie flouris,
Eyght sweit off smell, and plesant off colouris.
Sum greine, sum blew, sum purpour, quhyte, and reid,
Thus distribute be gift off his Godheid.

The firmament payntit with sternis cleir,
From eist to west rolland in cirkill round.
And euerilk planet in his proper Sphein,
Ty mouing makand harmonie and sound.
The fyre, the Air, the watter, and the ground.
Till vnderstand it is anewch, I wis,
That God in all his werkis wittie is.

Luke weill the fische that swimmis in the se.
Luke weill in eirth all kynd off beistiall.
The foulis ffair sa forcelie thay fle,
Scheddand the air with pennis greit and small.
Syne luke to mayn, that ye mais last off all,
Lyke to his Image, and his similitude,
Be thir we knaw, that God is ffair and gude.

All Creatur ye mais ffor the behuse
Off mayn, and to his supportatioun,
Ty to thir eirth, baith vnder and abuse,
In number, weght, and meit proportioun.
The difference off tyme, and ilk seasoun,

Concordand

Concordand till our opurtunitie.
Ane daylie be experience we may se.

The Somer with his Jolie mantill off greine,
With flouris fair furnit on euerilk stent.
Quhilk Flora Goddes off the flouris Queine,
Hes to that Lord ane ffor his seasoun lent.
And phebus with his goldin bemis gent,
Hes purfellit and payntit plesandly.
With heit and moysture stilland ffrom the sky

Syne harnest hait, quhen Ceres that Goddes
Hir barnis benit hes with abundance.
And Bacus God off wyne renewit hes
The tume peipis, in Italie, and France,
With wynis wicht, and liquour off plesance.
And Copia temporis to fill his horne,
That neuer was full off quheit, nor vther corne.

Syne Wynter way, quhen Austrene Eolus,
God off the wynd with blastis boreall,
The grene garment off Somer glorious,
Hes all to rent, and reuin in peces small.
Thay flouris fair faidit with freist, may fall.
And birdis blyith changit thair notis sweit,
In still murning, meir slane with snaw, and sleit.

The dalis deip with dubbis drounit is.
Baith hill and holt heillit with frostis hair.
And bewis bene larfit bair off blis,
Be wickit windis off the wintir waire.

All wyld beistis thay ffrom the bentis bair
Drawis ffor drink vnto thair dennis deip,
Coungeand ffor cauld in coifis thame to keip.

Syne cummis Ver, quhen winter is away,
The Secretar off Somer with his Sell.
Quhen Columbie vp keikis throw the clay,
Quhilk fleit wes befoir with froistes fell.
The Mauis, and the Merle, beginnis to melk:
The Lark on loft, with vthers birdis haill,
Thay drawis furth ffra deyne, oute doun and daill.

That samin seasoun, in to ane soft morning,
Eyght blyth that bitter blastis wer ago,
Vnto the wod to se the flouris spring,
And heir the Mauis sing, and birdis mo
I passit ffurth, syne luikit to and ffro
To se the Doill, that wes richt sessonabill,
Sappie, and to resaue all seidis abill.

Mouing thus gait grit mryth I tuke in mynd
Off labouraris to se the besines.
Sum makand dyke, and sum the pleugh can wynd,
Sum sawand seidis fast ffrome place to place.
The harrowis loppand in the sawaris trace.
It wes grit Joy to heir that luifsit corne,
To se thame labour, baith at euin and morne.

And as I baid vndir ane bank full bene,
In hart greitlie reiosit off that sight.

Vnto

Vnto ane hedge, vnder ane hawthorne grene
Off small birdis thair come ane ferlie flight.
And doun belyf can ly the leifis licht,
Ly euerilk syde about me quhair I stude,
Eyght meruellous ane mekill multitude.

Amang the quhilkis, ane Swallow loud couth cry,
Ly that Hawthorne hie in the croip sittand.
O ye Birdis ly bewis, heir me by,
Se sall weill knaw, and wyislie vnderstand,
Quhair danger is, or ptrell appeirand,
It is grit wisedome to prouyde befoir,
It to dewoyd, ffor dreid it hurt zow mair.

Schir Swallow (quod the Lark agane) and leuch,
Quhat haue ze sene, that causis zow to dreid?
Se ze zone Thrwll (quod scho) beyond zone pleugh.
Fast sawand hemp, and gudet linget seid.
Sone lint will growe in lytill tyme in deid,
And thairoff will zone Thrwll hir Nettis mak,
Vndir the quhilk he thinkis vs to tak.

Thairfoir I reid we pas quhen he is gone,
At euin, and with our maillis scharp and small,
Out off the eirth ferrair we gone sei ane one,
And eit it vp, ffor gif it growis, we sall
Haue cause to weip heirefter ane and all.
Sa we remeid thairfoir ffurth with Instante,
Nam leuius lædit quicquid præuidimus antè.

For Clerkis sayis, it is nocht sufficient,
To consider that is befoir thyne &c.
Bot prudence is ane inwart Argument,
That gayis ane may prouyde and foirse,
Quhat gude, quhat euill is likly ffor to be,
Off euerilk thing behald the fynall end.
And swa ffra perrell the better Iim defend.

The Lark laughand the Swallow thus couth scorne
And said scho fischit lang befoir the Met.
The bayne is eith to busk that is vnborne.
All growis nocht, that in the ground is set.
The nek to stoup quhen it the straik sall get,
Ja sone anuch: deith on the fayest fall.
Thus scornit thay the Swallow ane and all.

Despysing thus Iir helthsum document
The foulis ferlie tuke thair flicht anone,
Sum with ane bir thay braid it ouer the bent:
And sum agane ar to the grene wod gone.
Vpon the land quhair I wes left allone,
I tuke my club, and Iamewart couth I carie
Swa ferliand, as I had sene ane farie.

Thus passit furth quhill I wnt that tolie tyde,
And seidis that wer sawin off befoyne,
Wer growin hie, that hairis myght thame hyde:
And ale the Quailze crakand in the corne.
I mouit furth betuix midday and morne,

Vnto

Vnto the Iedge vnder the Hawthorne grene,
Quhair I befoir the said birdis had sene.

And as I stude be auenture and cace,
The samin birdis as I haif said zow air,
I Ioip, because it wes thair Ianting place,
Mair off succour, or zit mair solitair,
Thay lychtit douyn: and quhen thay lychtit wair,
The Swallow swyth put furth ane pietuous pyme,
Said, wo is Iim can not bewar in tyme.

O blind birdis, and full off negligence,
Vnmyndfull off zour awin prosperitie.
Lift vp zour sicht, and tak gude aduertence,
Luke to the Lint, that growis on zone le.
Sone is the thing I bad forsuith, that we
Quhill it wes seid suld vute furth off the eird.
Now is it Lint: now is it tie on breird.

So zit, quhill it is tendre and small,
And pull it vp, let it na mair Increis.
Myr flesche growis, my bodie quaikis all,
Thinkand on it I may not sleip in peis.
They cryit all, and bad the Swallow ceis.
And said, zone Lint Ieirestir will do gude,
For Linget is to lytill bir die fude,

We think quhen that zone Lint bollis ar ryip,
To mak vs feist, and fill vs off the stra,
Magre zont Churll, and on it sing and pyip.

Weill (quod the Swallow) freindis hardilie beis.
So as ze will, bot certane sair I dreid,
Heirefter ze sall find als sour, as sweit,
Quhen ze ar spuilzeit on zone Caulis speit.

The awnter off zone lint, ane foulter is,
Richt cautelous, and full off subteltie.
His pray full sendill tymis will he mis,
Bot giff we birdis all the warnar be.
Full mony off our kin he hes gart de
And thocht it bot ane sport to spill thair blude.
God keip me ffra him, and the halie Rude.

Thir small birdis hauand bot lytill thocht
Off perrell that mycht fall be auentur,
The counsell off the Swallow set at nocht,
Bot tuke thair flicht, and furth togidder fure.
Suny to the wode suny maukit to the mure.
I tuke my staff, quhen this wes said and done,
And walkit hame, ffor it drew neir the none.

The Lynt wyvit, the Caull pullit the Lyne:
Rippillit the bollis, and in beitis set.
It steipit in the burne, and dryit syne:
And with ane bittill knokkit it, and bet.
Syne swingillit it weill, and hekkillit in the flet.
His wyfe it spay, and twynit it in to threid.
Off quhilk the Fowlar Mettis maid in deid.

The wynter come, the wickit wind can blaw:

The

The woddis grene wer wallowit with the weit.
Baith firth and fell with fooistyg wer maid faw,
Slonkis and slaik maid sliddrie with the sleit.
The foulis ffaw ffor falt thay ffell off feit.
Sa bewis bair it wes na bute to byde,
Bot hyit vnto housis thame to hyde.

Suny in the bany, suny in the stak off corne,
Thair lugging tuke, and maid thair residence.
The Fowlar saw, and grit aithis he sworne,
Thay suld be tane trewlie ffor thair expence.
His Mettis hes he set with diligence,
And in the snaw he schulit hes ane plane,
And heillit it all ouer with caff agane.

Thir small birdis seand the caff wes glaid.
Trowand it had bene corne, thay lychtit bony.
Bot of the Mettis na presume thay had,
Nor of the Fowlaris fals Intentionis.
To scraip, and seik thair meit thay maid thame bony,
The Swallow on ane lytill branche neir by,
Speid and forgyte, thus loud on thame couth cry.

Into that caff scraip quhill zour naillis bleid,
Thair is na corne, ze labour all in vane.
Trow ze zone Churll for pietie will zow feid.
Na, na, he hes it heir layit for ane trane.
Remove Ireid, or ellis ze will be slane.
His Mettis he hes set full preitely.

Heddis

Reddie to draw: in tyme be war ffor thy.

Swit fule is he that puttis in dangeir
His lyfe, his honour, ffor ane thing off nocht.
Swit fule is he, that will not glaidle heir
Counsall in tyme, quhill it auaill him nocht.
Swit fule is he, that tak na thing in thocht,
Bot thing present: and efter quhat may fall,
Nor off the end tak na memoriall.

Thir small birdis ffor hunger famischit neir,
Full besie scraipand ffor to seik thair fude.
The counsall off the Swallow wald not heir.
Suppois thair labour dyd thame lytill gude.
Quhen scho thair fulische tartis vnderstude
Sa fruitles, lop in ane tre scho flew.
With that the Churll ouer thame his Nettis drew.

Allace it was guit hart sair for to se
That bludie Bowchour beit thay birdis doun.
And ffor till heir, quhen thay wist weill to be,
Thair cairfull sang and lamentatioun.
Sum with ane staf he straik to tieth or swoun:
Off sum the heid he straik: off sum he brak the crag:
Sum half or lefe, he stoppit in his bag.

And quhen the Swallow saw that thay were deid.
Lo (quod scho) thus it happinnis mony syis,
Oy thame that will not tak counsall nor reid
Off prudent men, or Clerkis that ar wyis.

This

This grit perrell I tauld thame mair than thryis.
Now ar thay deid, and wo is me thairfoir.
Scho tuke hir flicht, bot I hir saw no moir.

The Moralitas.

LO worthie folk Esope that Nobill clerk,
Ane Poet worthie to be Lawreate.
Quhen that he waikit from mair autentik werk,
With vther ma, this foirsaid Fabill wrate.
Quhilk at this tyme may weill be applicate,
To gude morall edificatioun,
Haifand ane sentence, according to ressoun.

This Carll, and bond of gentrice spoliate,
Sawand this calf, thir small birdis to sla.
It is the Feind, quhilk fra the Angelike state,
Exylit is, as fals Apostata.
Quhilk day and nycht weryis not for to ga,
Sawand poysoun in mony wickit thocht,
In mannis Saull, quhilk Christ full deir hes bocht.

And quhen the saull, as seid in to the eird,
Geuis consent vnto delectioun,
The wickit thocht beginnis for to breird,
In deidlie sin, quhilk is dampnatioun.
Ressoun is blindit with affectioun.
And carnall lust grouis full grene and gay,
Throw consuetude hantit from day to day.

Proceding furth be vse and consuetude,
The sin ryipis, and schame is set on syde.
The Feynd plettis his Nettis scharp and rude,

And

And vnder pleſance preuilie dois hyde,
syne on the feild he ſawis calf full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tume and verray vanitie,
Of fleſchlie luſt, and vaine proſperitie.

Thir hungrie birdis, wretchis we may call,
Ay ſcraipand in this warldis vane pleſance.
Greddie to gadder gudis temporall,
quhilk as the calf, ar tume without ſubſtance.
Lytill of auaill, and full of variance.
Lyke to the mow, befoir the face of wind
quhiſkis away, and makis wretchis blind.

This Swallow quhilk eſchaipit is the ſnair.
The halie Preichour weill may ſignifie.
Exhortand folk to walk, and ay be wair
fra Nettis of our wickit enemie.
Quha ſleipis not, bot euer is reddie,
Quhen wretchis in this warld calf dois ſcraip,
To draw his Net, than thay may not eſchaip.

Allace quhat cair, quhat weiping is and wo,
Quhen Saull and bodie departit ar in twane?
The bodie to the wormis Keitching go:
The Saull to Fyre to euerleſtand pane.
Quhat helpis than this calf, thir gudis vane?
quhen thow art put in Luceferis bag,
And brocht to hell, and hangit be the crag.

Thir hid nettis for to perſaue and ſe,
This farie calf wyiſlie to vnderſtand:
Beſt is bewar, in maiſt proſperitie,
For in this warld thair is na thing leſtand.

Is na man wait how lang his ſtait will ſtand,
His lyfe will leſt, nor how that he ſall end:
Efter his deith nor quhidder he ſall wend.

Pray we thairfoir quhill we ar in this lyfe,
for four thingis: the firſt, fra ſin remufe.
The ſecund is, fra all weir and ſtryfe,
The thrid is, perfite cheritie and lufe.
The feird thing is, and maiſt for our behufe,
That is in blis with Angellis to be fallow.
And thus endis the preiching of the Swallow.

FABLE.

The Taill of the wolf, that gat the Nekherig, throw the wrikis of the Foxe, that begylit the Cadgear.

QWhylum thair wynnit ane Wilderneſs,
(As ſayis Authour expreſſit can declair)
Ane ruuand Wolff, that leuit vpon purches,
Oy beſtiall, and maid him weill to ſtair.
Weil mant ſa big about him he wald ſtrair,
And he war hungrie, outher ſter fauour, or feid,
Bot in his wraith he wirryit thame to deid.

Ewa happinnit him in walking as he went,
To meit ane Foxe in midis off the way.
He him foirſaw, and fenzeit to be ſchent,
And with ane beik, he bad the Wolff gude day.
Welcum to me (quod he) thow Ruſſell gray.

Syne

Syne loutit douy, and tuke him be the hand.
Esse vp Lowrence, I leif the for to stand.

Quhair hes thow bene this sesoun ffra my sight
Thow sall beir office, and my Stewart be.
For thow can knap douy Capone or the micht,
And lourand law thow can gar Iennie de.
Schir (said the Foxe) that ganis not for me.
And I am rad, gif thay me se or far,
That at my figure, beist and bird will skar.

Na (quod the Wolff) thow can in couert creip
Vpon thy wame, and hint thame be the heid.
And mak ane sudden schow vpon ane schiep,
Syne with thy wappinnis wirrie him to deid.
Schir (said the Foxe) ze knaw my Roib is reid.
And thairfoir thair will na beist abyde me,
Thocht I wald be sa fals as ffor to hyde me.

Fie (quod the Wolff) throw bushis & throw braiis
Law can thow lour, to come to thy Intent.
Schir (said the Foxe) ze wait weill how it gais,
And lang space ffra thame thay will feill my sent.
Thay will thay eschaip, suppois I suld be schent.
And I am schamefull ffor to cum behind thame,
Ay to the feild thocht I suld sleipand find thame.

Na (quod the Wolff) thow can cum on the wind,
For euerie wrink forsuith thow hes ane wyse.
Schir (said the Foxe) that beist ze micht call blind
That

That micht not eschaip thay ffra me ane myle.
How micht I ane off thame that wyis begyle?
My tippit twa eiris, and my twa gray Ene,
Sarvis me be kend, quhair I wes neuer sene.

Thay (said the Wolff) Lowrence, I heir the le,
And cassis ffor perrellis thy ginnes to defend.
Bot all thy senzes sall not auaill the,
Abont the busk with wayis thocht thow wend.
Falset will failze ay at the latter end:
To bow at biding, and bide not quhill thow brest,
Thairfoir I giff the counsall ffor the best.

Schir (said the Foxe) it is Lentring ze se,
I can nocht fische, ffor weiting off my feit,
To tak ane Banestikill, thocht we baith suld de.
I haue mant other craft to win my meit.
Bot wer it passe, that mery suld pulrie eit
Na Kiddis, Lambis, or Caponis in to ply.
To beir zour office thay wald I not set by.

Thay (said the Wolff) in wraith wenis thou with
And with thy mony mowis me to mat. (wylis,
It is ane auld Dog, doutles that thow begylis:
Thow wenis to draw the ffra befoir the cat.
Schir (said the Foxe) God wait, I mene not that,
For and I did, it wer weill worth that ze,
In ane reid Kaip had tyit me till ane tre.

Bot now I se, he is ane fule perfay,

That with hie maister fallis in reasoning.
I did bot till assay quhat ze wald say,
God wait my mynd wes oy ane vther thing.
I sall fulfill in all thing zour biddding,
Quhat euer ze charge oy nichtis or oy dayis.
Weill (quod the Wolff) I leir weill quhat thow sayis.

Bot zit I will, thow mak to me ane aith,
For to be leill attour all leuand leid.
Sclir (said the Foxe) that ane word make me wraith
For now I se, ze laue me at ane deid.
Sit sall I sweir, suppois it be mocht me.
Be Iuppiter, and oy pane off my heid,
I sall be trew to zou, quhill I be deid.

With that ane Cadgear, with capill, and with creillis
Come carpand furth: thay Lawrence culd him spy?
The Foxe the fleuer off the fresche hering feillis,
And to the Wolff he roundis priuely.
Sclir, zone ar hering the Cadgear carvis by.
Chairsoir I reid, that we se for sum wayis,
To get sum fische aganis thir fasting dayis.

Hey I am Stewart, I wald we had sum stuff.
And ze ar siluer scheik, I wait richt weill.
Thocht we wald thig, zone vtrevar churlische guff.
He will not giff vs ane hering off his creill,
Befoir zone churle oy sneis thocht we wald kneill.
Bot zit I trou alsone that ze sall se.

Siff

Siff I ray craft, to bleir zone Carlis ee.

Sclir, ane thing is, and we get off zone pelff
We may tak trauell, and mak vs suny supple.
For he that will not labour, and help him selff,
Iy to thir dayis he is not worth ane fle.
I think to work als besie as ane Be.
And ze sall follow ane lytill efterwart,
And gadder hering, ffor that sall be zour part.

With that he kest ane compas ffar about,
And straught him doun in midis off the way,
As he were deid, he fenzeit him but dout.
And thay vpon lenth vnliklie lay,
The quhyte he turnit vp, off his ene tuay.
His toung out hang ane handbreid off his heid.
And still he lay, als straught as he wer deid.

The Cadgear fand the Foxe, and he was fane,
And till him self, thus softlie can he say.
At the nixt bait in faith ze sall be slane,
And off zour skyn I sall mak mittenis tway.
He lap full lichtlie about him quhair he ly,
And all the trace he trippit oy his tais,
As he had hard ane pyper play he gais.

Heir lyis the Deuill (quod he) deid in ane dyke.
Sic ane felcouth fan I not thir seuin zeir.
I trow ze haue bene trublit with suny tyke,
That garris zou ly sa still without ony steir.

Schir Foxe, in Faith ze ar deir Welcum heir.
It is sum wyfis malisone, I trow,
For pultrie pyking that lychtit hes vp zour.

Thair sall na pedderis, for puve, nor zit for gluvis,
Nor zit ffor poyntis pyke zour pellet ffra me.
I sall eff it mak mittenis to my lufis,
Till hald my handis hait quhair euer I be.
Till Flanderis sall it neuer saill the se.
With that in hy, he hint him be the heillis,
And with ane swak he swang him on the creillis.

Syne be the heid the hors in hy hes hint.
The fraud full ffoxe thairto gude tent tes tane.
And with his teith the stoppell or he stint,
Pullit out, and syne the hering ane, and ane,
Out off the creillis he swakkit doun gude wane.
The Wolff wes war, and gadderit spedilie.
The Cadgear sang, Huntis vp, vp vpon hie.

Fit at ane burne the Cadgear lukit about.
With that the ffoxe lap quyte the creillis ffra.
The Cadgear wald haue raucht the ffoxe ane rout.
Bot all ffor nocht, he way his feill that day.
Thay with ane schout, thus cry the Cadgear say.
Abyde and thou ane Mekhering sall haif,
I-worth my Capill, Creillis, and all the laif.

Now (quod the ffoxe) I schrew me, and we meit.
I hard quhat thou hecht to do with my skyn.

Thy handis sall neuer in thay mittinnis tak heit,
And thou wer hangit Cavll, and all thy kyn.
So furth thy meroat, at me thou sall nocht wyn,
And sell thy hering thou tes to thair, till his price
Ellis thow sall wyn nocht on thy merchandis.

The Cadgear trimmillit for teyne quhair that he
It is weill wort his (quod he) I want zone tyke, (stude.
That had nocht in my hand sa mekill gude,
A staff, or sting, zont trukker ffor to streyke.
With that lychtlie he lap out outer and dyke.
And hakkit doun ane staff, ffor he wes tene.
That heuie wes, and off the Holyne grene.

With that the ffoxe vnto the Wolff coud wend.
And fand him be the hering, quhair he lyis.
Schir (said he that) maid I not fair defend.
And wicht may wantit neuer, and he wer wyis.
And hardie hart is hard for to suppryis.
(Thay said the Wolff) thow art ane Berne full bald.
And wyse at will, in gude tymt be it tald.

Bot quhat wes zone the Cavll cryit on hie,
And schuke his hand, quod he hes thou no feill?
Schir (said the Foxe) that I can tell trewlie.
He said, the Mekhering wes in till the creill.
Kennis thou that hering: ze Schir, I keep it weill.
And at the creill mouth I had it thryis but dout.
The weght off it meir tit my tusche out.

Now suithlie Schir, micht we that hering fang,
It wald be fisght to ma thir fourtie dayis.
Thay (said the Wolff) mon God mon that I hangs
Bot to be thair, I wald gif all my clayis.
To se gif that my wappinnis mycht it vaie.
Schir (said the ffoye) God wit, I wisch it zow oft,
Quhen that my pith micht not beir it on loft.

It is ane syde off Salmond, as it wair,
And callour, pypand lyke ane pertrik &c.
It is worth all the hering ze haue thair.
Ze and we had it swa, is it worth sic thre.
Thay (said the Wolff) quhat counsell geuis thou me?
Schir (said the ffoye) wirk efter my deuyis,
And ze sall haue it, and tak zou na suppryis.

Firste, ze may cast ane cumpas far about.
Syne straucht zou doun in midis off the way.
Baith heid, and feit, and taill ze may streik out.
Hing furth zour toung, and cloiss wtill zour ene tway.
Syne se zour eid on ane hard place ze lay,
And dreid not for na preveill may appeir,
Bot ly still zou cloiss, quhen that the Carll cummis neir.

And thocht ze se ane ffule, lauch ze nocht.
Bot ly still zou wndir still in to that steid.
And luke zour ene be cloiss, as thay wer out.
And se that ze schrink nouthir mouth, nor heid,
Thay will the Cadgear Carll trow ze be deid,
And in till haist will lint zou be the heillis,

As

As ly dis me, and swak zou on ane creillis.

Now (quod the Wolff) I sweir the be my thrift,
I trow zone Cadgear Carll he will me beir.
Schir (said the ffoye) on loft ze will zou lift,
Ippon his Creillis and do him lytill deir.
Bot ane thing dar I suithlie to zou sweir,
Get ze that hering sicker in sum place,
Ze sall not fair in fisching mair quhill pasche.

I sall say In Principio vpon zow,
And croce zour corpe, from the top, to tay.
Wend quhen ze will, I dar be warrand now,
That ze sall de na sudden deith this day.
With that the Wolff gied up sone, and to gay,
And cairt ane cumpas about the Cadgear fast.
Syne raucht him in the gait, or he comt nar.

He laid his halfheid sicker, hard, and sad.
Syne straucht his four feit ffra him, and his heid.
And hang his toung furth as the ffoye him bad.
Als styll he lay, as he wer verray deid.
Takkand na thing off the Carlis fauour nor feid.
Bot euer vpon the Mekhering he thinkis,
And quyte forzettis the Foye, and all his wrinkis.

With that the Cadgear wantring as the wind,
Come vpdand on the laid, for it wes licht.
Thinkand ay on the Foye that wes behind,
Vpon quhat wyse, reuengit on him he micht.

And at the laſt, of the wolff gat ane ſicht,
Quhair he in lenth lay ſtreikit in the gait.
Bot giff he lichtit doun, or nocht, God wait.

Softlie he ſaid, I wes begylit anis,
Be I begylit twyis, I ſchrew me baith.
That cuill bot it fall licht vpon thy banis,
He ſuld haue had, that hes done me the ſkaith.
Or licht he lowit the ſtaf ffor he wes wraith.
And hit him with ſic will vpon the heid,
Quhill mirk he ſwonit, and ſwelt in to that ſteid.

Thes battis he buet, or he hir feit micht find.
Bot zit the wolff wes wicht, and way away.
He mycht not ſe, he wes ſa outray blind.
Nor wit he ddilie quhether it wes nicht or day.
The Foxe beheld that ſeruice quhair he lay,
And leuch vp loft, quhen he the wolff ſa ſeis,
Baith deif, and doſmit, fall ſwonand vp his nuttis.

He that of reſſoun can not be content,
Bot coueitis all, is abill all to tyne.
The Foxe, quhen that he ſaw the Wolff wes ſchent,
Said to him ſelf, this ſeruing ſall be myne.
Ile, or ellis he wes eſterwart ſyne,
That fand ſic wayis his Maiſter for to greif,
With all the fiſche that Lowrence tuke his leif.

The Wolff wes nere weill dungin to the deid,
That nerar with his lyfe away he way.

For

For with the Baſtone weill brokin wes his heid.
The Foxe in to his den ſone drew him thay,
That had betraiſit his Maiſter, and the may.
The ane, wantit the hering off his creillis.
The vtheris blude wes vynnand ouer his heillis.

Moralitas.

THis Taill is myngit with moralitie,
As I ſall ſchaw ſumquhat, or that I ceis.
The Foxe, vnto the warld may likkinnit be.
The reuand Wolf, vnto ane man but leis.
The Cadgear Deith, quhome vnder all man preis,
That euer tuke lyfe, throw cours of kynd man dee.
As man, and beiſt, and fiſche in to the ſee.

The warld ze wait, is Stewart to the man.
Quhilk makis man to haif na mynd of Deid.
Bot ſettis for winning all the craftis thay can.
The Hering, I likkin vnto the gold ſa reid,
Quhilk gart the Wolf, in perrell put his heid.
Richt ſwa the gold garris Landis and Cieteis,
With weir, be waiſtit daylie as men ſeis.

And as the Foxe, with diſſimulance and gyle,
Gart the Wolf wene to haif worſchip for euer.
Richt ſwa, this warld with vane glore for ane quhyle,
Flatteris with folk, as thay ſuld failze neuer.
Zit ſuddandlie men ſeis it oft diſſeuer
With thame, that trowis oft to fill the ſek.
Deith cummis behind, and nippis thame be the nek,

The micht of gold makis mony men ſa blind,

That ſettis on auarice thair felicitie.
That thay forzet the cadgear cummis behind,
To ſtryke thame of, quhat ſtait ſa euer thay be.
Quhat is mair dirk, than blind proſperitie?
Quhairfoir, I counſell mychtie men to haif mynd,
Of the nekhering Interpreit in this kynd.

FINIS.

The Taill of the Foxe, that begylit the wolf, in the ſchadow of the Mone.

IN eistrie davie, as Æſope can declair,
Thair wes ane Husband, quhilk zad ane plewch to
his wse wes ay, in morning to ryse air. (ſteir
Sa happinnit him in ſtretching tyme off zeir,
Airlie in the morning to follow ffurth his feir,
Vnto the pleuch, bot his gadman and he.
His ſtottis he ſtraucht with Benedicite.

The Calfe creit, Law, Laik, vpon Licht,
Hald draucht my dowie, syne broddit thame ffull saire.
The Ovin wes vnwsit young and licht,
And ffor fersnes thay couth the fur ffor saire.
The husband thay woxt angrie as ane haire.
Sone cuvit, and caist his patill, and grit ſtanis,
The Volff (quod he) mot haue zow all at anis.

Bot zit the Volff wes entirar nor he wend,
For ig ane buſk he lay, and Lowrence baith,

Ay ane Kouch Kont wes at the furrie end.
And hard the Feght: thay Lowrence leuch full raith.
To take zone bud (quod he) it wer na ſkaith:
Weill (quod the Volff) I heght the be my hand,
Sone Carlie Word as he wer King ſall ſtand.

The Ovin wavit mair wtulie at the laſt.
Syne eftir thay louſit, ffra that it worthit weill lait.
The husband hamewart with his cattell paſt.
Thay sone the Volff come hirpilland in his gait.
Befoir the Ovin, and ſchupe, to mak debait.
The husband ſaw him, and worthit ſumdeill agaſt.
And bakwart with his beiſtis wald haif paſt.

The Wolff ſaid, quhether deryis thow this pray?
I chalenge it, ffor mane off thame ar thyne.
The man thairoff wes in ane fellony fray.
And ſobirlie to the Volff anſwerit syne.
Schir, be my Scull, thir ovin ar all myne.
Thairfoir I ſtudie, quhy ze ſuld ſtop me.
Sin that I faltit neuer to zow trewlie.

The Volff ſaid, Carll, gaif thow not me this drift
Airlie, quhen thow wes eirand on zone bank?
And is thair ocht (ſayis thow) fetar thay gift?
This tarying wyll tyne the all thy thank.
Far better is fretlit ffor to giff ane plank,
Nor be compellit on fforce, to giff ane mark.
Fy on the fredome, that cummis not with hart.

Schir (quod the Husband) ane may may say in greif,
And syne gane say fra he anise and se.
I speght to steill, am I thairfoir ane theif?
God forbid, Schir, all hegtis suld haldin be.
Saif I my Land or oblissing (quod he)
Or haue ze witnes, or writ ffor to schaw.
Schir reif me not, bot go and seik the Law.

Carll (quod the Wolff) ane Lord and he be leill,
That schrinkis for schame, or doutis to be repruuit,
His saw is ay als sickker as his Seill.
Fy on the Leid, that is not leill and lusit.
Thy argument is fals, and eik contrusit.
For it is said in prouerb: But lawte
All wther wertewis ar nocht worth ane fle.

Schir said the Husband, remember of this King,
And leill may is not tane at halff ane taill.
I may say, and gansay, I am na King.
Quhair is zour witnes, that hard I speght thame haill?
Thay said the Wolff, thairfoir it sall nocht faill.
Lowrence (quod he) cum hidder of that schaw,
And say na thing, bot as thow hard and saw.

Lowrence come lourand, for he lusit meuis licht,
And sone appeirit befoir thame in that place.
The may leuch na thing, quhen he saw that sicht.
Lowrence (quod the Wolff) thow may declair this cace
Quhairof we sall schaw the suith in schort space.

I callit

I callit on the leill witnes for to beir.
Quhat Lard thow that this may segt me lang eir?

Schir (said the God) I cay not hastelie
Swa sone as now gif sentence finall.
Bot wald ze baith submit zow heir to me,
To stand at my decreit perpetuall.
To pleis baith I suld preis, gif it may fall.
Weill (quod the Wolff) I am content for me.
The may said swa am I, zow euer it be.

Thay schew thay wrth thair allegeance but fabill,
And baith proponit thair ply to him compleit.
(Quod Lowrence) now I am ane suge amycabill.
ze sall be sworne to stand at my decreit.
Quhether zeirefter ze think it sowre or sweit.
The Wolff braid furth his fute, the may his Land:
And on the Goddis Caill swarne thay ar to stand.

Thay tuke the God the may furth till ane syde.
And said him, freind, thow art in blunder brocht.
The Wolff will not forgis the ane Oxe hyde
Sit wald my self fane help the, and I mocht.
Bot I am laith to hurt my conscience veht.
Tyne mocht thy gutterell in thy awin defence,
This will not throw but grit coist and expence.

Seis thow not Buddis beiris Bernis throw:
And giftis garris crukit materis hald ffull euin?
Sumtymis ane hey halds ane may in ane Kow

All

All ar not Lalit, that Leifis thair Landis to Leuig.
Eftir (said the may) ze sall haue sex, or seuin
Eicht off the fattest Lennis off all the floik.
I compt not all the laif, leif me the Coik.

I am ane Juge (quod Lowrence thay) and leuch.
Thair is na Luddis suld beir me by the nyght.
I may tak Lennis, and Caponis weill anewch,
For God is gane to sleip, ae ffor this nyght.
Sic small thingis ar not sene in to his sight.
Thir hennis (quod he) sall mak tuy querrell sure
With emptie hand na man sulde Halkis lure.

Concordit tue tay Lowrence tuke his leiff,
And to the Wolff he went in to ane ling.
Syne preuelie, he plukkit him be the sleiff,
Ga this in euist (quod he) ze ask sic thing?
Na be my Saull, I trow it be in Leithing.
Thay said the Wolff, Lowrence, quhy sayis thou sa?
Thow lyis the lyk thy selff, that he couth ma.

The lyk (quod he) zone may maid at the pleuch,
Ga that the cause quhy ze the cattell craif?
Halff in to Leithing (said Lowrence thay) and leuch.
Eftir, be the Rude, I inwoikit mow ze raif.
The Deuill ane stirk taill thairfoir sall ze haif.
Wald I tak it vpoy my conscience,
To do sa pure ane man, ae zone offence.

Sit haif I commonnit with the Carll (quod he)

We ar concordit vpoy the cunnand.
Quyte off all clamis I ze will mak him fre,
Se sall ane Cabok haue in to zour hand.
That sic ane sall not be in all this land.
For it is Somer Chiis, baith fresche and fair.
He sayis it wyis ane stane, and sumdeill mair.

Ga that thy counsell (quod the Wolff) I do,
That zone Carll ffor ane Cabok sulde be fre?
Se be my Saull, and I wer sworne zow to,
Se sulde mane vther counsell haue for me.
For gang ze to the maist extremitie,
It will not wyn zow worth ane wicherit neip.
Eftir trew ze not I haue ane Saull to keip?

weill (quod the Wolff) it is aganis my will,
That zone Carll for ane Cabok sulde ga quyte.
Eftir (quod the Cod) ze tak it in mane euill.
For be my Saull zour selff had all the wyte.
Thay (said the Wolff) I bid na mair to flyte.
Bot I wald se zone Cabok off sic fryis.
Eftir (said the Cod) se tauld me quhair it lyis.

Thay hand in hand, thay held vnto ane hill.
The Husband till his hors hes tane the way.
For he wes fane, he schaippit ffrom thair ill,
And oy his feit wokit the dure quhill day.
Now will we turne vnto the vther way.
Throw woddis waist thir Freikis oy fute can fair,
Fra buske to buske, quhill neir midnycht and mair.

Lowrene wes euer remembring vpon wrinkis,
And subtelteis, the Wolff for to begyle.
That he had hecht ane Caboik, he forthinkis.
Fit at the last, he findis furth ane wyle.
Thay at him selff softlie couth he smyle.
The Wolff sayis, Lowrence, thou playis bellie blind.
We seik all nycht, bot na thing can we find.

Eftir (said the Cod) we ar at it almaist.
Soft zow ane lytill, and ze sall se it sone.
Thay to ane Manure plact thay tyit in haist.
The nycht wes lycht, and pennyfull the Mone.
Thay till ane draw well thir Senzeoure past but hone.
Quhair that twa bukkettis seuerall suithlie gang.
And ane come vp, ane vther doun wald gang.

The schadow off the Mone schone in the well.
Eftir (said Lowrence) anis ze sall find me leill.
Now se ze not the Caboik weill zour sell,
Quhyle as ane Reip, and round ale as ane speill.
He hang it zonder, that na man suld it steill
Eftir traist ze weill, zone Caboik ze se fing.
Micht be ane present to ony Lord or King.

Na (quod the Wolff) mycht I zone Caboik haif,
Oy the dry land, as I it zonder se.
I wald quitclame the Carll off all the laif.
His dart Oxin I compt thame not ane fle.
Sone wer I mair meit for sic ane man as me.

Lowrence

Lowrence (quod he) leip in the bukket sone,
And I sall hald the ane, quhill thow haue done.

Lowrence gird doun baith sone, and subtellie,
The vther bais abuse, and held the flaill.
It is sa meikill (quod Lowrence) it maisteris me.
Oy all my tais it hes not left ane maill.
Se may mak help vpwart, and it haill.
Leip in the vther bukket haistelie.
And cum sone doun, and mak me sum supple.

Thay lychtlie in the bukket lap the loun,
His weght but weir the vther end gart ryis.
The Cod come hailland vp, the Wolff zeid doun.
Thay angerlie the Wolff vpoy him cryis.
I cummand the Sonnwart, quhy thow vpwart hyis?
Eftir (quod the Foxe) thine fairis it off Fortoun,
And ane cummis vp, sho quheillis ane vther doun.

Thay to the ground sone zeid the Wolff in haist.
The Cod lap oy land, ale blyith as ony bell.
And left the Wolff in watter to the waist.
Quha haillit him out I wait not off the well.
Heir endis the Text, thair is na mair to tell.
Bot men may find ane gude moralitie,
In this sentence, thocht it ane Fabill be.

Moralitas.

THis Wolf, I likkin to ane wickit man,
Quhilk dois the pure oppres in euerie place:
And pykis at thame all querrellis that he can,
Be Rigour, reif, and vther wickitnes.
The Foxe, the Reind I call into this cais,
Actand ilk man to ryn vnrychteous rinkis,
Thinkand thairthrow to lok him in his linkis.

The Husband may be callit ane godlie man,
With quhome the Reynd falt findes (as Clerkis reids)
Besie to tempt him, with all wayis that he can.
The hennis, ar warkis, that fra ferme faith proceidis,
Quhair sic sproutis spreidis, the euill spreit thair not
Bot wendis vnto the wickit man agane. (speids
That he hes tint his trauell is full vnfane.

The wodds waist, quhairin wes the Wolf wyld,
Ar wickit riches, quhilk all men gaipis to get:
Quha traistis in sic Trusterie, ar oft begyld.
For Mammon may be callit the Deuillis Net,
Quhilk Sathanas for all sinfull hes set.
With proud piesour quha settis his traist thairin,
But speciall grace lychtlie can not outwin.

The Cabok, may be callit Couetyce,
Quhilk blomis braid in mony mannis Ee.
Wa worth the well of that wickit vyce,
For it is all bot fraud, and fantasie.
Dryuand ilk man to leip in the buttrie,
That dounwart drawis vnto the pane of hell.
Christ keip all Christianis ftom that wickit well.

FINIS.

¶ The Taill of the wolf, ād the wedder.

Quhylum

QVhylum thair wee (as Esope can Report)
Ane Scheipheird dwelland be ane Forrest neir.
Quhilk had ane Hound, gat dis him grit comfort,
Full war he wee to walk his Fauld but weir.
That mouther Wolff, nor Wildcat durst appeir,
Nor Foxe oy feild, nor zit no vther beist,
Bot he thame slew, or gaist at the leist.

Sa happinnit it (as euerilk beist wayde)
This Hound off sudden seiknee to be deid.
Bot thay (God wait) the keipar off Esse,
For verray wo woxe wanner nor the weid.
Allace (quod Ee) nowse I na remeid,
To saif Ee selit beistis yat I keip,
For wit Ee Wolff, wergit beis all my scheip.

It wald have maid ane manis hart sair to se,
The selie Scheiphirdis lamentationy.
Now is my Darling deid, allace (quod he)
For now to beg my breid I may be bouy,
With ryik staff, and with scrip to sair off touy.
For all the beistis before handonit bene,
Will schute vpon my beistis with Ire and tene.

With that ane Wedder wretchitlie way oy sute:
Maister (quod he) mak merie, and be blyith.
To breik your hart ffor baill, it is na bute.
For ane deid Dogge na cair oy zow kyith.
Ga ffeitche him Lither, and sla his skyn off swyth.

Syne sew it oy me: and luke that it be meit,
Baith heid, and crag, bodie, taill, and feit.

Thay will the wolff trow that I am he.
For I sall follow him fast quhar euer he fair.
All haill the cure I take it vpon me.
Your scheip to keip at midday, lait, and air.
And ye persew, be God, I sall not spair
To follow him as fast as dois your Dog.
Swa that I warrand, ze sall not want ane hoig.

Thay said the scheipheird, thie come of ane gude will.
Thy counsall is baith sicker, keill, and trew.
Quha sayis ane scheip is daft, thay lieit of it.
With that in hy the Doggis skyn off he flew,
And oy the scheip ryght softlie couth it sew.
Thay worth the Wedder wantony off hir weid.
Now off the wolff (quod he) I haue na dreid.

Ay all thingis he counterfait the Dog,
For all the nycht he studit, and tuke na sleip.
Swa that weill lang thair wantit not ane Hog,
Swa war he wes, and walkryfe thame to keip,
That Lowrence durst not luke vpoy ane scheip.
For and he dois, he followit him sa fast,
That off his lyfe he maid him all agast.

Was nowther wolff, Wildcat, nor zit Tod,
Durst cum within thay boundis all a bout:
Bot he wald haue thame baith throw rouch and snod.

Thay

Thay bailfull beistis had of thair lyuis sic dout.
For he wes mekill, and senyit to be stout.
That cuttrell beist thay dred him as the deid,
Within that woid that mony dunst thair heid.

Sit happinit thair ane hungrie wolff to slyde
Out throw the scheip, quhair thay lay oy ane le,
I sall haue ane (quod he) quhat euer betyde,
Thocht I be wervyit, for hunger ore I de.
With that ane Lamb in till his cluke hint he.
The laif start vp, for thay wer all agast.
Bot (God wait) gif the wedder followit fast.

went neuer Hound mair haistelie fra the hand,
Quhen he wes rynnand maistraklie at the ha,
Nor went the wedder baith outer Mois and strand,
And stoppit nouther at bank, busk, nor bra.
Bot followit ay sa feirslie oy his fa,
With sic ane drift, quhill dust and dirt ouer draif him.
And maid ane Vow to God that he suld haue him.

With that the wolff let out his Taill oy lenth,
For he wes hungrie, and it drew neir the ene.
And schupe him for to ryn with all his strenth,
Fra he the Wedder sa neir cummand had sene.
He dred his lyfe, and he outrane had bene.
Thairfoir he spairit nowther busk, nor hoig.
For weill he kennit the kenenes off the Dog.

To mak him lycht, he kest the Lamb him fra.

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Syne lap ouer leic, and reaist throw dub and mire.
Na (quod the Wedder) in faith we part not swa.
It is not the Lamb, bot the, that I desyre.
I sall cum neir, ffor now I se the tyre.
The Wolff ran still, quhill ane strand stude behind him
Bot ay the neirar the Wedder he couth bind him.

Syne eftir that, he followit him sa neir,
Quhill that the Wolff ffor fleidnes fylit the feild.
Syne left the gait, and ran throw busse, and breir,
And lupt him ffra the schawis ffor to scheild.
He ran vnsene, for he wist ffull weill.
The wedder followit him, baith out, and in,
Quhill that ane breir busse raif vndelie off the skyn.

The Wolff was wer, and blenkit him behind,
And saw the wedder come threwand throw the breir.
Syne saw the Doggis skyn hingand on his lind.
Na (quod he) is this ze, that is sa neir?
Richt now ane Hound, and now quhyte as ane Fulyie.
I fled ouer fer, and I had kennit the cais.
To God I vow, that ze sall rew this vaik.

Quhat was the cause ze gaif me sic ane katche?
With that in hy he lmt him be the horne.
For all your mowis, ze met anis with your matche.
Suppois ze leuch me all this zeir to scorne.
For quhat enchessoun this Doggis skyn haue ze borne?
Maister (quod he) bot to haue playit with zow,
Izow

Izow requyre, that ze mane vther trow.

Ja this zour bourding in euirst thay (quod he)
For I am verray effeirit, and ay flocht.
Cum bak agane, and I sall let zow se.
Thay quhar the gait was grimmit he him brocht.
Quhether call ze this fair play, or mocht?
To set zour Maister in sa fell effray,
Quhill he ffor feiritnes fra fylit vp the way.

Thevis (be my Saull) ze gart me schute behind.
Vpon my faith the senzeis may be sene.
For feiritnes full oft I ffylit the wind.
Now is this ze: na bot ane Hound, I wene.
Me think zour teith ouer schort to be sa kene.
Blissit be the busk, that reft zow zour array,
Ellis ffleand, bursin had I bene this day.

Schir (quod the Wedder) suppois I vary in hy.
My mynd was neuer to do zour persoun ill.
And feiar gettis ane follow wer commounly,
In play or euirst, preif quha sa euer will.
Sen I bot playit, be gracious me till.
And I sall gar my freindis blis zour banis.
Ane full gude seruand will crab his Maister anis.

I haue bene oftymis set in greit effray,
Bot (be the Rude) sa rad zit was I neuer.
Ah thow hes maid me with thy prettie play.
I sall be behind quhen I zow ouertake me euer.

Bot sikkerlie now sall we not dissever.
Thay be the crag bane smertlie ȝe ȝim tuke,
Or euer he ceissit, and it in sȝunder sȝuke.

The Moralitas.

ESope that Poet first Father of this Fabill,
Wrait this Parabole quhilk is conuenient.
Because the sentence wes fructuous and agreabill,
In Moralitie exemplatiue prudent.
Quhais problemes bene verray excellent,
Throw similitude of figuris to this day,
Geuis doctrine to the Redaris of it ay.

Heir may thow se, that riches of array,
Will cause pure men presumpteous for to be.
Thay think thay hald of nane be thay als gay,
Bot counterfute ane Lord in all degre.
Out of thair cais in pryde thay clym sa hie,
That thay forbeir thair better in na steid,
Quhill sum man tit thair heillis ouer thair heid.

Richt swa in seruice vther sum exceidis,
And thay haif withgang, welth, and cherising,
That thay will lychtlie Lordis in thair deidis,
And lukis not to thair blude, nor thair offspring.
Bot zit nane wait, how lang that reull will ring.
Bot he was wyse, that bad his Sone considder.
Bewar in welth, for Hall benkis ar rycht slidder.

Thairfoir I counsell men of euerilk stait,
To knaw thame self, and quhome thay suld forbeir.
And fall not with thair better in debait,
Suppois thay be als galland in thair geir.

It settis

It settis na seruand for to vphald weir,
Nor clym sa hie, quhill he fall of the ledder.
Bot think vpon the Wolf, and on the wedder.

FINIS.

The Taill of the wolf, and the Lamb.

ANe cruell Wolff, richt rauenous, and fell,
Vpon ane tyme past to ane Reuir.
Descending from ane Rotche, vnto ane well.
To slaik his thrist, drank of the watter cleir.
Swa vpon cace, ane selie Lamb come neir.
Bot of his fa, the Wolff, na thing he wist.
And in ane streme laipit to cule his thrist.

Thus drank thay baith, bot not of ane intent.
The Wolfis thocht wes all on wickitnes.
The selie Lamb, wes meik, and Innocent,
Vpon the Reuir, in ane vther place,
Beneth the Wolff, he drank ane lytill space,
Quhill he thocht gude, beleuand thair nane ill.
The Wolff him saw, and Rampand come him till.

With girnand teith, and awfull angrit luke,
Said to the Lamb, thow Catiue wretchit thing.
How durst thow be sa bald, to fyle and bruke,
Quhar I suld drink, with thy foull slauering?
It wer Almous the ane to draw and ding,
That suld presume, with the foull lippis wyse,
To glar my drinse, and the fair watter fyse.

The selie Lamb quaikand for verray dreid,
Wyncie fell, and said, Schir, with zour leif.
Suppois I dar not say, thairoff ze leid:
Bot be my Saull, I wait ze cay nocht preif,
That I did ony thing, that suld zow greif.
Ze wait alswa that zour accusatioun,
Failzeis ffra treuth, and contrainis to ressoun.

Thocht I cay nocht, Nature will me defend,
And off the deid perfyte experience.
All heuie thing, may off the self discend.
Bot gif sum thing on force mak resistence.
Thay may the streme on na way mak ascence,
Nor ryn bakwart: I drank beneth zow fra.
Ergo, ffor me, zour Bruke wes neuer the wa.

Alswa, my lippis sey that I wes ane Lam,
Quitfit na thing that wes contagious.
Bot sowkit milk, ffrom pappis off my dam,
Quhit Natuall, sweit, and alde delitious.
Weill (quod the Wolff) thy language Rigorus,
Cummis the off leynd: swa thy Father before.
Held me at bait, baith with boist, and schore.

He wraithit me, and thay I culd him warne,
Within ane zeir, and I brukit my leis.
I suld be wrokkin on Him, or on his barne,
For his exorbetant and frawart pleis.
Thow sall doutles ffor his deidis be deis.

Schir,

Schir, it is wrang, that ffor the ffatheris gilt,
The saikles sone suld punist be or spilt.

Haiff ze not Lard, quhat halie Scripture sayis,
Endytit with the mouth off God Almycht?
Off his awin deidis ilk may sall beir the prais,
Nane pane ffor sin, reward ffor werkis wycht.
For my trespas, quhy suld my sone haue plycht?
Quha did the mis, lat him sustene the pane.
Saa (quod the Wolff) zit pleyis thow agane.

I let the wit, quhen that the ffather offendis,
I will refuse nane off his Successioun.
And off his bainis, I may weill tak amendis,
Vnto the twentie degre descending doun.
Thy ffather thocht to mak ane strang poysoun,
And with his mouth in my watter did spew.
Schir (quod the Lamb) thay twa ar mouthis treuw.

The Lawis sayis, and ze will vnderstand:
Thair suld na may ffor wrang, nor violence,
His aduersar punis at his awin hand,
Without proces off Law, and euidence.
Quhilk suld haue leif to mak lawfull defence,
And thairupon Summond peremptourly,
For to propone, contrainit, or reply.

Set me ane lauchfull Court, I sall compeir,
Before the Lyoun, Lord, and leill Iustice.
And be my hand I oblis me ryght heir.

That

That I ſall byde ane vnſuſpect Aſſyis.
Thir ar the Law: thir ar the Inſtant gryis:
Ye ſuld pretend thairfoir ane Summondis mak,
Againis that day, to gif reſſoun, and tak.

Na (quod the Wolff) thou wald Intruſe reſſoun,
Quair wrang, and reif ſuld duell in propertie.
That is ane poynt, and part of falſe treſſoun,
For to gar vtheris remane with crueltie.
Be this woundis, falſe traitour, thow ſall de,
For thy treſpas, and for thy Fatheris ſla.
With that anone he lint him be the hals.

The ſelie Lamb culd do na thing bot bleit.
Done wes he dreid: the Wolff wald do na grace.
Syne dranke his blude, and off his fleſche can eit,
Quhill he wes full, and went his way on pace.
Off his maiſt heir quhat ſall we ſay allace?
Wes not this vtheris, wes not this grit pitie?
To gar this ſelie Lamb but gilt thus de.

Moralitas.

THe pure pepill, this Lamb may ſignifie,
As Maill men, Merchandis, and all laboureris.
Of quhome the lyfe is half ane Purgatorie,
To wyn with lautie leuing as efferis.
The Wolf betakinnis fals extortioneris,
And oppreſſouris of pure men, as we ſe,
Be violence, or craft in facultie.

Thre

Thre kynd of Wolfis, in this warld now Rings.
The firſt, ar fals peruerteris of the Lawis.
Quhilk vnder poete termis, falſet mingis,
Lettand that all wer goſpell, that he ſchawis.
Bot for ane bud the pure man he ouerthrawis,
smoirand the richt, garrand the wrang proceid.
Of ſic Wolfis hellis fyre ſall be thair meid.

O man of Law, let be thy ſubteltie,
With nice gimpis, and fraudis Intricait:
And think that God in his Diuinitie,
The wrang, the richt, of all thy werkis wait.
For prayer, price, for hie, nor law eſtait,
Of fals querrellis ſe thow mak na defence.
Hald with the richt, hurt not thy conſcience.

Ane vther kynd of Wolfis Rauenous,
Ar mychtie men, haifand full grit plentie.
Quhilkis ar ſa gredie, and ſa couetous,
Thay will not thoill the pure in pece to be.
suppois he, and his houſhald baith ſuld de,
For falt of fude, thairof thay gif na rak,
Bot ouer his heid his mailling will thay tak.

O man but mercie, quhat is in thy thocht-
War than ane Wolf, and thow culd vnderſtand,
Thow hes aneuch, the pure huſband richt nocht,
Bot croip, and caff, vpon ane clout of land.
For Goddis aw, how durſt thow tak on hand,
And thow in Barn, and Byre, ſa bene, and big,
To put him fra his tak, and gar him thig?

The thrid Wolf, ar men of heritage:
As Lordis, that hes land be Goddis lane.

And

And settis to the Mailleris ane Village:
And for ane tyme Gressome payit and tane.
Syne vexis him, or half his terme be gane,
With pykit querrellis, for to mak him fane
To flit, or pay his Gressome new agane.

His Hors, his meir, he man len to the Laird,
To drug, and draw, in Court, or in Cariage.
His seruand, or his self may not be spaird,
To swing, and sweit, withoutin Meit, or wage.
Thus how he standis in labour, and bondage,
That scantlie may he purches by his maill,
To leue vpon dry breid, and watter caill.

Hes thow not reuth, to gar thy tennentis sweit,
In to thy laubour, with faynt, and hungrie wame?
And syne hes lytill gude to drink, or eit,
With his menze, at euin quhen he cummis hame.
Thow suld dreid, for richteous Goddis blame.
For it cryis ane vengeance vnto the heuinnis hie,
To gar ane pure man wirk, but meit or fe.

O thow grit Lord, that riches hes and rent:
Be nocht ane Wolf, thus to deuoir the pure.
Think that na thing cruell, nor violent,
May in this warld perpetuallie Indure.
This sall thow trow, and sikkerlie assure,
For till oppres, thow sall haif als grit pane,
As thow the pure had with thy awin hand had slane.

God keip the Lamb, quhilk is the Innocent,
From Wolfis byit, and fell exortioneris.
God grant, that wrangous men of fals Int ent,
Be manifestit, and punischit as effeiris.

And

And God, as thow all rychteous prayer heiris,
Mot saif our king, and gif him hart and hand,
All sic Wolfis to banes out of the land.

FINIS.

The Taill of the Paddok, & the Mous.

Vpoy ane tyme (as Esope culd Report)
Ane lytill Mous come till ane Reuer syde.
Sho might not waid, for schankis wer sa schort
Sho culd not swym, sho had na hors to ryde,
Off verray force behouit hir to byde.
And to, and fra, beside that Reuir deip,
Sho ran, cryand, with mony pituous ptip.

Help outer, help outer, thir silie Mous cay cry,
For Goddis lufe, suny bodie ouer the bryg.
With that ane paddok in the watter by,
put vp hir heid, and on the bank cay clym.
Quhilk be nature culd douk, and gaylie swym.
With verie full rank, scho said on this mantir.
Gude morne (schir Mous quhat is zour erand heir?

Eis thow (quod scho) off corne zone polie flak
Off ryp Aitis, off Barlie, peis, and Quheit.
I am hungrie, and fane wald be thair at.
Bot I am stoppit be this watter greit,
And on this syde, I get na thing till eit,
Bot hard Nuttis, quhilkis with my teith I bore.

Wan

Wer I bezond, my feist wer ser the more.

I haue no Boit, heir is no Mayner:
And thocht thair war, I haue no fraucht to pay.
(Quod scho sisser) lat be thy heuit cheir:
Do my counsall, and I sall find the way,
Without Hors, Brig, Boit, or zit Salary.
To bring the ouer saiflie, be not afeird:
And not wetand, the campis off thy beird.

I haif grit wounder quod the lytill Moue,
How cayr how sleit without fedder or fly:
Thir Reuer is sa deip, and dangerous,
Me think, that thow suld drounit be thairby.
Tell me thairfoir, quhat facultie or gy,
Hes hee to bring the ouer thir Watter way?
That to declair the paddok thus begay.

With my twa feit (quod scho) lukkin and braid,
I steir off Airis, I row the streme full stryll,
And thocht the bryn be perrillous to waid.
Baith to, and fra, I row at my awin will,
I may not drounyt, for quhy my oppin Sill
Dois ay the Watter resaiff.
Thairfoir to drounyt forsuith na dreid I haif.

The Moue behelt vnto hir fronsit face,
Hir runkillit cheikis, and hir lippis syde:
Hir hingand brouis, and hir voce sa hace:
Hir loggerand leggis, and hir harsky hyde.

Scho way abak, and ey the paddok cryde.
Siff I cay ony skill off phisnomy,
Thow hes sumpart off falset, and Inuy.

For Clerkis sayis, the Inclinationy,
Off mannis thocht, proceidis commounly,
Efter the Corporall complexionn,
To gude, or euill, as Nature will apply.
Ane thrawart will ane thrawin phisnomy.
The auld prouerb is witnes off thir Lorum:
Distortum vultum sequitur distortio morum.

Na (quod the Caid) that prouerb is not trew:
For fair thingis oftymis ar fundin faikin.
The Blaberris thocht thay be sad off hew,
Ar gadderit vp, quhen primroys is forsakin.
The face may faill, to be the hartis takin.
Thairfoir I find this Scripture in all place,
Thow suld not Juge ane may efter his face.

Thocht I vnhaissum be to luke vpon,
I haue na cause, quhy I suld lakkit be.
Wer I als fair, as Folie Absolon,
I am no causer off that grit beutie,
Thir differens in forme, and qualitis,
Almychtie God hes causit dame Nature:
To prent, and set in eurilk creature.

Off sum the face may be full fluriss and,

Off silkin toung, and cleir wyght amorous,
With mynd inconstant, fals, and wariand,
Full off desait, and menis Cautelous.
Let be thy preising (quod the hungrie Mous)
And be quhat craft thow gar me understand,
That thow wald gyde me to yone yonder land?

Thow wait (quod scho) ane bodie that hes meis,
To help thame self, suld mony wayis cast.
Thairfoir ga tak and doubill twynit threis,
And bind thy leg to myne with knottis fast.
I sall the leir to swym, be not agast,
Als weill as I, & thow (thay quod the Mous)
To preif that play, it wer wyght perrillous.

Suld I be bund, and fast, quhar I am fre,
Ay hoip off help, ma thay I sould trew ws baith.
For I wyght tyne baith lyfe and libertie.
Siff it wer swa, quha suld amend the skaith?
Bot gif thow sweir to me the murthour aith,
But fraud, or gyle, to bring me ouer this flude,
But hurt, or harme. Ay faith (quod scho) I dude.

Scho goikit vp, and to the heuin cast cry:
O Iuppiter, off Nature God and King.
I mak ane aith trewlie to the, that I.
This lytill Mous sall ouer this watter bring.
This aith wes maid. The Mous but persauing

The fals Ingyne of this foull carpand pad,
Tuke threis, and band hir leg, as scho hir bad.

Thay fute, for fute, thay lap baith in the bryny.
Bot in thair myndis thay wer wyght different.
The Mous thocht off na thing, bot thrw to swyny:
The paddok fforthy to drouny set hir Intent.
Quhen thay in mid wart off the streme wer went,
With all hir force the paddok preissit douy.
And thocht, tho Mous without mercie to drouy.

persauand this, the Mous on hir way cry,
Treatour to God, and myne sworne vnto me.
Thow swore the murthour aith richt now, that I
But hurt, or harme, suld ferryit be and fre.
And quhen scho saw thair wes but de, or de,
With all hir myght scho forsit hir to swym:
And preissit vpon the Paiadis bak to clym.

The dreid of deith hir strenthis gart increis,
And forcit hir defend, with myght, and mane.
The Mous vpwart: the paddok doun cay preis.
Quhyle to, quhyle fra, quhyle douskit vp agane.
This selie Mous plungit in to grit pane,
Say fecht ala lang as breith wes in hir breist:
Till at the last, scho cryit ffor ane preist.

Fechtand thus gait the Sled sat on ane twist,
And to this wrechit battell tuke gude heid.

And with ane wisk, or ony off thame wisk,
He claucht hic cluke betuix thame in the threis,
Syne to the land he flew with thame gude speis,
Fane off that fang, pyipand with mony pew:
Syne lowsit thame, and baith but pietie slew.

Syne bowellit thame, that Bougeour with his bill
And bellie claucht full fettillie thame fleis.
Bot all thair flesche wald scant be half ane fill,
And guttis ale onto that gredie gleis.
Off thair debait, thus quhen I hard outreis,
He tuke his flight, and outer the feildis flaw.
Siff this be trew, speir ze at thame that saw.

Moralitas.

MY Brother, gif thow will tak aduertence,
Be this Fabill thow may persaue and se.
It passis far all kynd of Pestilence,
Ane wickit mynd, with wordis fair and sle.
Be war thairfore, with quhome thow fallowis the,
To the wer better beir the stane barrow,
For all thy dayis to delf quhill thow may dre,
Than to be matchit with ane wickit marrow.

Ane fals Intent vnder ane fair pretence,
Hes causit mony Innocent for to de.
Grit folie is to gif ouer sone credence,
To all that speiks fairlie vnto the.
Ane silkin toung, ane hart of crueltie,
Smytis

Smytis more sore, than ony schot of arrow.
Brother, gif thow be wyse, I reid the fle,
To matche the with ane thrawart fenzeit marrow.

I warne the als, it is grit nekligence,
To bind the fast, quhair thow wes frank and fre,
Fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defence,
To saif thy lyfe, nor zit thy libertie.
This simpill counsall, brother, tak of me,
And it to cun perqueir, se thow not tarrow.
Better but stryfe to leif allane in le,
Than to be matchit with ane wickit marrow.

This hald in mynd, rycht more I sall the tell,
Quhair by thir beistis may be figurate.
The Paddok vsand in the flude to duell,
Is mannis bodie, swymand air and late,
In to this warld with cairis Implicate.
Now hie, now law, quhylis plungit vp, quhylis doun.
Ay in perrell, and reddie for to droun.

Now dolorus, now blyth, as bird on breir:
Now in fredome, now wrappit in distres.
Now haill and sound, now deid and brocht on beir:
Now pure as Iob, now rowand in riches:
Now gouins gay, now brats laid in pres.
Now full as fitche, now hungrie as ane Hound.
Now on the quheill, now wrappit to the ground.

This lytill Mous, heir knit thus be the schyn.
The saull of man betakin may in deid.
Bundin, and fra the bodie may not wyn,
Quhill cruell deith cum brek of lyfe the threid.

The

The quhilk to droun ſuld euer ſtand in dreid,
Of carnall luſt be the Suggeſtioun:
Quhilk drawis ay the Saull, and druggis doun.

The watter is the warld, ay welterand,
With mony wall of tribulatioun:
In quhilk the ſaull, and bodye wer ſteirrand,
Standand rycht different in thair opinioun.
The ſaull vpwart, the body precis doun:
The Saull rycht fane wald be brocht ouer I wis,
Out of this warld, into the heuinnis blis.

The Gled is Deith, that cummis ſuddandlie,
As dois ane theif, and cuttis ſone the battall.
Be vigilant thairfoir, and ay reddie,
For mannis lyfe is brukill, and ay mortall.
My freind thairfoir, mak the ane ſtrang Caſtell,
Of Faith in Chriſt: for deith will the aſſay:
Thow wait not quhen, euin, morrow, or midday.

Adew my freind: and gif that ony ſpeiris,
Of this Fabill, ſa ſchortlie I conclude.
Say thow, I left the laif vnto the Freiris,
To mak exempill, and ane ſimilitude.
Now Chriſt for vs that deit on the Rude,
Of ſaull, and lyfe, as thow art Saluiour:
Grant vs till pas, in till ane bliſſit hour.

FINIS.

John
John